FRANK LESLIE'S

BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.

An Illustrated Journal of Amusement, Adventure, and Instruction.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1880, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

No. 693.—Vol. XXVII. NEW YORK, JANUARY 31, 1880. Five Cents a Copy. $7.50 a Year, Postage Free.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS COPYRIGHT 924 1880 OF WASHINGTON

"CLINTON TWISTED THE HANDKERCHIEF ABOUT ITS HEAD AND BODY, AND GRASPING IT ONCE MORE, SECURED HIS PRIZE. 'LOOK OUT!' HE YELLED. 'KETCH!' THE OLD MAN HELD UP HIS HANDS, BASEBALL FASHION, AND CAUGHT THE ENVELOPED OWL, WHICH BIT AND SCRATCHED FURIOUSLY."

INQUISITIVE CLINTON;

Or,

HE WANTED TO KNOW ALL ABOUT IT.

By COMMODORE AH-LOOK.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PIRATE'S CONFESSION.

THE cadets waited with amused expectancy while Clint progressed up the trunk of the tree. They had seen an owl peep out of the hole, so anticipated some fun when their comrade inserted his head in the cavity.

After a desperate struggle with short limbs and a broken jag of a branch, that cut his pants into shreds, the boy arrived on a level with the hollow and peeped in, receiving a peck on the nose as a reward for his inquisitiveness.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the lads below. "Sold this time, eh, corporal?"

Clint clambered past the hole, seated himself in the fork of the tree, wiped the blood off his features, and glancing down at the amused crowd, drawled:

"You needn't laf; I'm going to catch that owl."

"He caught you, anyhow," jeered Pillsbury. "We knew you'd poke your nose in and get pecked."

LOOK OUT FOR OUR NEW STORY, "TRACKED BY A PIRATE."

"You know everything but your recitations," quietly retorted the climber, as he proceeded to pull off his jacket. "I'm going to catch this bird for the major."

He could see down into the hole, in which was crouched the owl, blinking and winking, with its bill agape ready for action.

The cadets made all manner of fun and told him to come down before the creature did him any more harm.

"Laff away," he good-humoredly replied, twisting his jacket into a sort of rope. "I'm going to git this critter if it takes me a week to do so."

He dropped one end of the garment into the cavity, and saw the bird viciously insert its beak in the cloth, then leaned down and dropped it over the creature.

In another moment he had it out of its place of refuge and rolled up so that the owl could neither bite nor scratch.

Clint had many a time drawn a woodchuck from its retreat, and was used to capturing all sorts of birds, from a partridge to a hawk.

Presently he again drew himself up into a sitting position, and producing some twine from his pocket, lashed it about the bundle.

"Hah!" cried the cadets, who could not help admiring his pluck and cuteness. "Hah, 'rah!"

"Look out!" he shouted, as he dropped the parcel among them. "Don't untie it."

He saw Cottonwood catch the roll, after which he twisted his limbs round the lower branch, and again leaning down, inserted his right hand in the hole, murmuring:

"There's suthin' else here."

The cavity proved to be deeper than he anticipated, and as he rummaged in it he touched a round substance.

"It can't be an egg!" he thought.

The article slipped about, it being only just within reach of the tips of his fingers, and it was several minutes ere he succeeded in grasping it.

"It's a box!" he murmured, as he fished it out.

"Hello!" shouted Pillsbury. "What have you found—another owl?"

Clint, who was red in the face from hanging head downward, did not reply, being too much excited over his discovery. He grasped the bough above with his hand, raised himself to a sitting posture, and tremblingly examined his prize.

It was an old-fashioned brass box, such as sailors use to carry their tobacco.

On the lid was scratched J. B., 1624.

"What have you got there?" cried one of the crowd.

"Never you mind," he replied, as he nervously opened the article.

Inside was a parchment document, written so closely that at first he thought it was simply dotted for the purpose of ornamentation; however, he presently made out it was covered with fine writing.

His heart beat violently, and he could scarcely keep his seat on the branch.

The writing was somewhat faded, and the spelling and wording were a puzzle to him; however, he contrived to decipher the heading, which read:

"Confession of John Brown, mariner, who was one of the pirates that destroyed the Spanish ship *Don Carlos*, and murdered all her crew, and whose body will be found hanging to the lower limb of this sapling."

As Clint spelled out the foregoing great beads of perspiration clustered on his forehead and hands.

"John Brown, pirate!" he gasped, alternately flushing red and becoming pale as a sheet. "Perhaps he's confessed where he buried his treasure. If I find it I'll give every cent to mother."

"What have you got there?" demanded Pillsbury.

"Never you mind," cried the boy, as he returned the parchment to its brazen envelope. "You thought you were getting me to do a foolish thing when I tackled that owl, eh? I've found suthin' worth having."

He descended the tree, and, spite of their pleading, would not show them his prize.

"Come, comrade," he said to Cottonwood, "let you and me go back to school. I want to show you something."

"Ya! You haven't found anything but an old tobacco-box," jeered Pillsbury. "I'm glad you got your nose pecked by that owl. You're always poking it in where it isn't wanted."

"Guess I peeped in to some purpose this time," was his significant reply.

The dumb boy, who was holding the package containing the bird, joined him, and they went off, leaving the cadets laughing immoderately.

Cottonwood had a wonderful knack of making out obscure writing, and could read old English as easily as he did modern.

When he and his comrade reached their room, Clinton produced his prize, and handing it to him, said:

"What do you think of it? Guess I've found a prize!"

His friend scanned the parchment, which was written on both sides, then wrote on his slate:

"It is in very old English. Shall I translate it for you?"

"Yes."

The dumb lad procured pen, ink and paper, and after giving the heading already quoted, wrote as follows:

"I, John Brown, being no longer able to bear my crime-stained existence, do hereby confess the load of guilt that is on my soul, after which I shall hang myself and thus rid the world of a wretch unfitted to associate even with the Indians, with whom I have lately resided."

Clint moved closer to his comrade and whispered:

"Say, it's awful interesting, ain't it?"

Cottonwood nodded, smiled and wrote on:

"I was born in the town and port and borough of Sandwich, in the County of Kent, England, my father being a well-known cordwainer."

"What's that?" asked Clint.

His companion wrote:

"Cordwainer means shoemaker; a worker in cordovan or cordwain; Spanish goatskin, tanned and dressed."

"Go on!" urged Clinton.

The dumb boy uttered his peculiar laugh, then wrote:

"I was what is termed an undutiful son. I did not heed my parents' counsel, but consorted with low characters, smoked and drank, laughed at my father's words of advice, and my mother's prayers for me to reform."

"No wonder he hanged himself," muttered Clint. "Go on."

Cottonwood perused the parchment, and presently continued:

"I one morning met a sea-captain on the quay. Says he: 'John, would you like to go to the new land and make your fortune?' I asked what land. 'The colonies of America,' he replied. 'You are a stout, brave young fellow, and fond of adventure. Join my ship. I am going to sail soon.'

"I little thought he was a pirate, though I do believe, even had I known such was the case, I'd have gone with him."

"He was a bad lot!" said Clinton, as his chum paused in order to blot his writing. "Go on. It's dreadful interesting, ain't it?"

His comrade laughed, and wrote:

"I left home—God forgive me!—without telling my family I was going. Whoever finds this will do a Christian act by sending word of my death to John Brown, Knightrider, St. Sandwich, Kent, England. My money he may keep or forward as he deems right."

"Money!" cried Clint. "Then he buried his money!"

The dumb boy nodded and wrote:

"On the seventeenth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred and twenty-two, I stole from my house, carrying with me my father's pewter watch and his best suit of clothes, which I gave to Captain Henry Smithers."

"He was a nice sort of fellow, now, wasn't he?" mused Clint. "Say, I don't think my mother will care to have his money, anyhow!"

Cottonwood shook his head and continued:

"After we cleared the land of England, Captain Smithers mustered us and revealed his true business. Says he, 'Boys, we are going to sink, burn and destroy any ships we can master and will share all we get, I taking one clear half and you the rest.'

"We all hurrahed, and from that day looked out for prizes and kept clear of the royal cruisers, knowing if we were caught we would have to dangle from a rope at the end of the yardarm.

"On the thirteenth of September, we being in the Caribbean Sea, sighted a caravel from the Spanish main, and, knowing she had treasure on board, attacked her furiously.

"I am ashamed to say I killed several persons and plundered them. Even now I can hear their cries for mercy.

"We got from that vessel a hundred kegs of doubloons and twenty thousand Spanish pillar-dollars; then, having scuttled her, set the craft on fire and sailed north for the new land, intending to settle here.

"We landed, and, after making a treaty with the Indians, built a fort and established ourselves, each burying his treasure secretly and unknown to the other.

"Somehow nothing prospered, while the Indians, whom, I must confess, we treated very scurvily, gave us considerable trouble.

"To add to our distress, some pirates, who arrived in the river the next spring, stole our ship.

"One by one my companions have died, either fighting the red men or each other, I having been compelled to dispatch seven of them, including the captain, in self-defense!"

"I must say he deserved to have a bad end," cried Clint. "How about the treasure?"

Cottonwood smiled as he wrote:

"To-day, being hungry, thirsty, naked and miserable, I have written this confession. It it is found soon, before my parents are dead, I entreat the person who discovers it to dig for my ill-gotten gains, and send them, or at least half, to my unhappy parents. If too long a time has elapsed, the finder may keep the whole of the treasure."

"Where is it buried?" eagerly inquired Clinton.

His comrade wrote:

"I cannot make out. He has simply drawn a diagram."

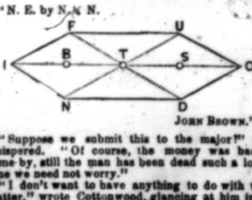
"Let me look," said Clint.

He took the paper, and after examining it for a while, murmured:

"No more can I. I'd like to know, ever so much."

The document concluded with the following:

"N. E. by N. N. N.



JOHN BROWN."

"Suppose we submit this to the major?" he whispered. "Of course, the money was badly come by, still the man has been dead such a long time we need not worry."

"I don't want to have anything to do with the matter," wrote Cottonwood, glancing at him in a peculiar manner. "I wouldn't show that to the major if I were you."

"All right," said the boy; "don't tell the fellows what I have found. That sneak, Pillsbury, is just green with envy."

His comrade once more uttered the peculiar laugh, and wrote:

"Clinton, take my advice, and burn that parchment."

"Why?" he demanded. "Burn what may be a clue to my finding a barrel full of money? Certainly not."

As he spoke a number of the cadets entered the room.

"Come," said one, "tell us what you've found?"

"We want to go shares," said Pillsbury.

"Yes, shares, shares!" they cried.

"See here, cadets," quietly answered Clint, "you thought you had a nice lad on me when you got me to climb that tree, eh?"

"Well, tell you the truth, we did," said the tall bully. "You got a peck on the nose, anyhow."

"Yes," he replied, with a self-satisfied chuckle. "I know I did, but I captured the critter, and found suthin' else."

He picked up the bundle containing the owl, and proceeded to remove the string.

After doing this he unwound the folds of the jacket, and found the bird almost dead from suffocation.

"Put him on the window-sill; he'll soon come to," he said to Cottonwood. "I'll dress myself, and write my chum about my discovery."

"Ha, ha, haw!" roared the cadets.

"Laff away," he said, as he changed his torn garments. "Let them laff that lose, them that win are sure to smile."

The boys indulged in all manner of jokes.

"We wrote that," said a cadet named Markwald. "We wanted to cure you of your inquisitiveness."

"Don't you believe him," remarked Pillsbury.

"Bless you, I don't!" replied Clinton. "I know you fellers feel kinder sore because I caught that owl. You'll feel worse by and-by, I tell you."

As he spoke, the bird gave its ruffled feathers a shake, and uttering a derisive "hoot," flew back to the woods.

"Oh, I kin ketch that agin," remarked Clint, surveying the merry assembly. "Laff away. It's awful funny, isn't it?"

The lads continued to chaff him, some offering to take shares in his find, and others making the greatest fun of it.

"Corporal Lee," said a servant, putting in his head at the door, "there's a gentleman in the parlor wishes to see you. His name is Mr. Jarvis."

"Tell him I'll be down in a minute," answered Clinton.

Cottonwood motioned that he wished to communicate with him privately; however, Clint was too full of his discovery to notice it, and thrusting the brass box into his pocket, nodded to the laughing cadets and quitted the room.

CHAPTER XV.

CLINT COMMUNICATES HIS DISCOVERY TO JARVIS.

WHEN inquisitive Clinton was out of hearing the cadets gathered round Cottonwood and plied him with questions.

"You didn't tell, eh?" cried one.

"He don't know that we've put up a trick on him, do he?" demanded another.

He dropped right into the trap, has he not?" said a third.

The dumb boy cleaned his slate, then wrote:

"Comrades, I think we've had enough fun with Clint. He's going to show the parchment to the major."

"Let him," said a cadet named Burroughs. "I don't believe the major will detect the writing. You did that splendidly, Cot; where did you find the original story?"

"In the 'Tales of the Buccaneers,'" wrote the lad. "I altered the names and letters on the diagram. I tell you, it was too comical for anything to hear his remarks. He's just crazy over the matter. If the major finds out we've played this trick he'll parade the entire command."

"You are not afraid, are you, Cot?" said a merry-faced boy, named Baker. "I think we are justified in serving Clint out."

"Yes," wrote the other, "I believe he deserves all we have done; still he's my comrade, and I hate to further deceive him."

They argued with the dumb boy for a long time, and mentioned several instances in which Clinton had exhibited his weakness for listening and prying into other people's business, and finally got Cottonwood to say he would keep the fun going.

The plot was as follows:

Some days previously, in walking among the woods, they had noticed the hole in the tree, but were unaware it contained an owl. Being desirous of paying Clint of his tricks, they had consulted Cottonwood, who, after much persuasion, had joined the conspirators, and written the statement on an old piece of parchment, procured, with the box, at a junk-shop; their intention being to get Lee to dig for the supposed treasure, then to tell him everything.

That afternoon, on skinning up the tree, in order to deposit the box, they discovered the owl, when they thought to have extra fun at Clinton's expense.

The whole matter was cleverly contrived, and succeeded so well they desired to keep it up.

Their unconscious victim entered the parlor, where sat Jarvis, eating a piece of pie he had purchased in the village.

"Ah," he exclaimed, as the boy saluted him, "how are you?"

"I'm pretty well. How are uncle and aunt?"

Jarvis leaned over and picked up a scrap of crust that had fallen upon the floor. After examining it, in order to ascertain if it were free from dust, he coolly swallowed the morsel, then turned to his companion and replied:

"They're pretty well;" adding: "Can you get me a glass of water?"

Clint procured him some of the beverage he desired, and when the old man had partaken of it, inquired:

"What has brought you to Newville?"

"Business," sententiously answered the lawyer. "Now don't ask any more questions about that. How are you getting on?"

The lad related some of his adventures, and being full of his discovery, presently produced the brass box and showed its contents.

Jarvis nervously unfolded the parchment and eagerly perused it.

Cottonwood had copied the words in a round, old English hand, using a pale, weak ink that looked as ancient as the substance on which he had written.

The lawyer was, if possible, more completely deceived than Clint.

His eyes protruded, his hands trembled, and he became terribly excited.

This, of course, had its effect upon his companion, who said, in a low, anxious tone:

"The cadets made all manner of fun of that."

"Do they know about it?" eagerly inquired Jarvis. "You haven't been green enough to give this away, eh?"

"Well, my comrade, Cottonwood, knows all about it," murmured Clinton.

"Oh, you dreadfully stupid fellow!" moaned Jarvis. "You ought to have come right straight to me. There's millions in this. Don't you understand? John Brown was the sole survivor of those pirates. And this diagram refers to the spots where the others buried their treasure."

"Yes," gasped Clint; "I can't make it out, though."

"I can," whispered Jarvis, glancing suspiciously round, as though fearing to be overheard. "It's as clear as the sun on a Sunday. T is the tree on which that pirate hanged himself, and the other letters show where he and his fellow-rascals buried their ill-gotten gains. B indicates his, Brown's. S shows where Captain Smithers hid his pile. I stands for Ives, or some other pirate's name. F for another of them. U, O, N for the rest." In a feverish tone: "I wish you had kept this to yourself."

"The boys don't believe in it," said Clinton.

"Cottonwood wanted me to burn that parchment."

The lawyer's eyes snapped and he muttered:

"He is an idiot!"

"No, he's a dummy!" said Clint. "I like him first-rate, and when I've found this treasure, mean to make Cot a handsome present."

"There's no occasion," said Jarvis. "Say, what will you take for your discovery?"

"I'll go halves with you," answered the lad, who was as sharp as his companion.

The old man thought for a moment, then whispered:

"I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll advance money enough to purchase the land, and for the necessary digging. We will run a trench from T to B, in the direction of northeast by the north quarter north, when we shall, no doubt, hit on the iron-ores buried by John Brown. That done, we'll have funds enough to go on with, and shan't be obliged to put any more out."

"Good enough!" said the boy. "When will you see about the land? I know where the man lives who owns it."

"We'll go this evening," nervously answered Jarvis. "If your discovery gets talked about the owner will put up his price or will refuse to sell at all. Come, ask leave of your schoolmaster to go with me; and," lowering his tone, "not a word about this! Let them conjecture which they like!"

Clinton sought out the major, and after obtaining the necessary permission, rejoined his friend.

"I've always said my being inquisitive would lead to suthin'," remarked the lad, as they proceeded toward the land on which the tree was standing.

"Ya-a," said his companion. "I wish you hadn't spoken about this to them boys! You talk too much, my son."

"Oh, they guyed me about it," said Clint. "They don't believe in the matter!"

"That's good!" craftily remarked the old man. "When you get back tell 'em you've *found out the joke*—that you know *they wrote it*. He, he, he!"

"Here's the spot!" presently observed the boy. "Hello! The owl is in there again!"

"Never mind that," urged Jarvis, as his young friend began to pull off his jacket. "Don't trouble about it!"

"Oh, but I'm bound to ketch it, mister!" muttered Clinton.

"Wait until later," pleaded the lawyer.

"Can't!" replied the lad. "You stand by to grab hold of it when I yank it out. If I wait until we come back the sun will be set and the critter will be able to see jes 's well as I kin! He's blinded now and I kin get him easy!"

"Confound the pesky thing!" growled Jarvis. "If the two of you find gets a shout, we shall not be able to buy this land. Every moment is precious!"

"Keant help it," was the response. "I'm going to ketch that owl."

His previous ascent had rendered the tree less difficult to climb, and he accomplished it this time without tearing his clothes.

"Say," he cried, "throw us up your pocket-handkerchief, will you?"

Jarvis had one extravagant taste—a liking for the finest Cambric silk handkerchiefs money could procure. Although his clothes were shabby, his pocket always contained at least one of those expensive articles.

On this occasion he carried two.

Drawing them forth, he selected the most worn, and rolling it into a ball, tossed it up to the lad, saying:

"Don't damage it."

"All right," chuckled the boy. "Guess the owl will peck a hole or two in it, but the pirate's doubloons will pay for a lot of new ones."

"Reach!" cried Jarvis. "Hurry up."

Clint leaned down, and flapping the bandana in the bird's face, soon got it to peck at the silk, when he twisted the handkerchief about its head and body, and grasping it once more, secured his prize.

"Look out!" he yelled. "Ketch!"

The old man held up his hands, baseball fashion, and caught the enveloped owl, which bit and scratched furiously.

"Don't let it go, stupid!" shouted Clinton.

"Oh, I ca—ca—cant hold it!" frantically exclaimed Jarvis. "It is biting me!"

In another moment the lad was by his side, saying:

"Here, give me the critter. Lend me your other handkerchief."

"It—cost me two dollars," moaned Jarvis.

"Can't help that," coolly responded the other. "The cadets had the laugh of me because this thing escaped, and I'm bound to take it back with me. There"—securing the bird like a mummy—"now it kean't move, but can breathe; see, I've gagged it."

"It will cut my handkerchief all to rags," grumbled the lawyer.

"You forget the pirate's treasure," said Clint.

"So-oh!" again observed the old man. "You'll spoil all if you talk."

"See here," grinned the boy, "I've no pockets, to speak of, in my uniform; let me put the owl in the tail pocket of your coat."

"I'd rather you wouldn't," said Jarvis.

"I can't carry it. The man to whom the land belongs might think something was up if he saw the critter," urged Clinton. "He's a very suspicious person."

"Why not hide the bird?" suggested the lawyer.

"And have a skunk or suthin' carry it off," cried Clint. "No, sir. I'm going to take this back to the school. Come, let me slip it into your coat-pocket; there's room enough. All you've got to look out for will be to avoid sitting down on it."

Jarvis grumbled a while, then consented, and the swathed bird was duly deposited where the boy desired.

By that time the sun had set, and it began to grow dusk.

The lawyer made a hasty survey of the ground, and pointed out a number of mounds, situated at equal distances around the tree.

These were Indian graves; however, he thought they were the spots indicated in the diagram, and communicated his belief to his companion.

"Now come, and I'll show you where the owner lives," said Clinton.

They quitted the wood-lot, and turning into a by-road, proceeded toward a farm-house, distant about a mile.

Every step the owl banged against Jarvis's legs and annoyed him exceedingly.

Upon arriving at their destination the door was opened by an old woman, who, in response to their reply, said:

"Yes, Mr. Cobb is at home."

She led the way into a parlor, smelling of musty furniture, and after bidding the visitors seat themselves, retired, in order to summon her husband.

"Confound this owl-critter!" grumbled the lawyer, carefully sinking into a chair, so that his pocket overhung the side. "Now, Clint, you leave this matter to me, and don't ask any questions."

"All right," nodded the other.

Presently in came the farmer, followed by a big, savage-looking sporting-dog.

Before any one could utter a word, the animal gave two quick sniffs and went for Jarvis.

"Oh, oh!" yelled the lawyer, springing upon the chair and dragging the dog with him. "Murder!"

Their amazed host grappled with the brute, and when he had choked him off and expelled him from the room, turned to Jarvis and said:

"Do you carry *meat* in your pocket, mister?"

CHAPTER XVI.

CLINT OVERHEARS A POLITICAL CONSPIRACY.

THE old lawyer felt mad. He did not like to confess the truth, so he mumbled:

"I—I'm in the habit of carrying my luncheon in my pocket—probably your dog was attracted by that."

Clint snickered.

"Curious!" replied the farmer. "Jack acted jes' as he does when he smells varmin."

This was too much for the boy, who laughed outright.

"Clinton," sourly remarked Jarvis, "when you've done hooting, I'll tell Mr. Cobb my business."

The lad sobered at once, he seeing that his friend was really angry.

"I'm John Jarvis, of the firm of Colby & Jarvis, attorneys-at-law, New York," continued the gentleman, addressing the farmer. "I am instructed to ask your price of the woodland over there."

"You mean the owl-field?" said Cobb.

Jarvis nodded.

"Who told you I wanted to sell?" demanded the man.

"Nobody!" bluntly answered the other. "My instructions were to ask your price."

At that moment the half-choked bird uttered a suppressed cry, causing Clint to grin again.

"What's that?" queried the farmer.

"Reckon it's a rat in the panel of the room!" coolly returned Jarvis, frowning at his young companion. "Well, what do you ask for that land?"

"Who wants to buy it?" inquired the man.

"Never you mind," grunted the lawyer. "Provided the price is all right, my client is ready with his money."

"I'd like to have to think over it and consult my wife," said Cobb. "Owl-field would be a nice site for a house."

"You can ask your wife's opinion," snapped Jarvis. "My client does not want to build, and isn't willing to pay a fancy price."

"Oh!" murmured the other; "'scuse me while I speak to my woman."

When Cobb was out of hearing, Clint threw himself upon the lounge and roared with laughter.

"Stop!" cried the old man, advancing threateningly. "If you don't, I'll strike you! Once that fellow suspects our real design, he will never part with his land."

As he spoke the owl again gave vent to a faint squeak.

"Oh, I shall die!" ejaculated Clinton, cramming his handkerchief into his mouth. "Oh, oh!"

"Think of something *serious*," urged Jarvis. "Fancy you've lost a lot of money, can't you?"

Once more the imprisoned creature uttered a cry, this time louder than before.

"Keck, keck!" went the lad. "Oh, I can't help it; I must laff."

The lawyer grasped him by the collar of his uniform jacket, and after shaking him severely, wrathfully whispered:

"Now, hold your confounded sniggering, or I'll—I'll *make you*."

He relinquished his grip, and hearing the farmer in the passage, returned to his chair, in his haste sitting down upon the poor owl, which once more squeaked vigorously.

In came Cobb, so seeing whom the boy shrieked with merriment, and kicked his feet about as though in a fit.

Jarvis was livid with rage.

"What's th' matter with your son?" inquired the farmer.

"He ain't quite right in his head," said the old man, regarding Clinton as though he'd like to eat him. "Well, what does your wife say?"

"She says I ain't to sell owl-field for less than a thousand dollars an acre," slowly answered the other. "Folks tell us there's a treasure buried somewhere round there, and maybe it's on our land."

"Keck, keck, keck!" choked Clinton, vainly endeavoring to suppress his laughter.

"Don't mind him," observed Jarvis, whose manner betrayed the greatest anxiety. "Don't take any notice of that *kid*."

"I ain't doing so," was the farmer's unmoved reply. "Let him laff if he likes."

"Squeak, squeak!" went the owl.

"Ain't you got suthin' alive in your pocket?" inquired Cobb.

Jarvis's face turned a deeper scarlet than before.

"I've got a *toy* here," he said, inserting his hand in the tail of his coat and giving the bird's head a vicious squeeze.

Unfortunately for him, the owl had bitten itself partly free, and it returned his violence by digging its beak in his fingers.

This made him cry out.

"What's th' matter now?" demanded the farmer, who began to think his visitor was a lunatic.

Jarvis glared at Clinton, who was sitting on the lounge, holding his aching sides.

"If I tell Cobb its an owl he'll imagine all sorts of things," he thought, "and perhaps ask a higher figure for the land."

He withdrew his fingers, and sucking them, said to their host:

"The cove in the—toy—has *scratched* me."

Clint doubled up and fell upon the floor, the last excuse almost sending him into convulsions.

Cobb gazed first at the boy and next at the lawyer; then said, in an amazed tone:

"Is your son often taken in this way?"

"He ain't my son, thank goodness!" snapped Jarvis. "You leave him alone; he'll come round all right. I want to catch the train. How about that land?"

"Well," said the man, "owl-field is worth a thousand dollars an acre. There's an owl in one of the trees, that has been there ever since I was a boy. It's a small-sized critter, 'bout as big as a bantam hen."

By that time the bird, in the lawyer's pocket, had bitten its head entirely free, and was pecking at him vigorously.

Clint was lying on the floor, moaning:

"Oh, I shall die, I shall!"

Jarvis was one of those sordid persons who would suffer anything in order to obtain money.

Spite of the bird's attack and his annoyance, he drew a paper from his pocket, and taking a chair at the table, asked for pen and ink, then inquired:

"How many acres are there in this ow-ow-owl lot?"

"'Bout ten," said Cobb.

In seating himself the lawyer contrived to drop the tail of his coat over the side of the chair, so that the bird could not peck at him, whereupon it uttered a series of savage noises.

Jarvis took no notice of these, and proceeded to draw up an agreement, as follows:

"I, Hezekiah Cobb, of Newville, in the State of New York, hereby agree to sell and transfer all my right and title to the estate known as the owl-field, to John Jarvis, attorney-at-law, New York, the price for the same being ten thousand dollars, of which amount I hereby acknowledge the receipt of one thousand dollars."

"The property is unencumbered, I suppose?" said the lawyer.

"Yes," nodded the farmer. "It has never had a mortgage on it. I inherited it from the grand-son of the man who received it in payment of a debt from the State. I'm willing to sell at the price I name, and can hand over the deeds to-morrow."

He summoned one of his servants to witness his signature, and when he had executed the agreement, Jarvis wrote a check for the amount, saying:

"Come to my office to-morrow, with your documents and your wife, who will have to sign the transfer deeds. I will then pay you the balance."

"You'll get owl-field cheap," said the man. "By-the-way, don't you let any one disturb the bird."

"Squeak, squeak, squeak!" went the creature.

Jarvis scowled at Clint, who had risen, and was standing by the door, then demanded:

"Why mustn't the critter be disturbed?"

"You won't laff if I tell you, will you?" faltered Cobb. "Some folks thinks such things foolishness, but my wife and I don't."

"Out with it," said the lawyer, who could feel the bird struggling to escape from his pocket.

"Well, they do say," drawled the farmer, "that the owl is a pirate who once hung himself on that tree."

"Nonsense!" said Jarvis. "Good-night."

"Kean't I offer you suthin'?" urged the man.

"No," answered the other.

Cobb showed them to the door; then, after promising to be at the lawyer's office the next day by noon, inquired, as he let them out:

"Say, would you mind showing us that toy, mister?"

Jarvis grasped Clint's arm, and pushed the convulsed boy before him, as he tartly replied:

"No. Good night."

"Oh!" faintly moaned the almost exhausted lad; "oh, I know I shall die."

His companion did not utter a word until they were well out of the farmer's hearing, when he said, in a voice tremulous with rage:

"You donkey!"

"I know it," gasped Clinton, leaning against a fence and pressing his hands to his quivering ribs; "Oh, isn't this a jolly lark? You'll kill me, mister."

"I'd like to kill this consumed owl," snarled the old man. "The blessed thing has got loose, and has bitten me."

As he spoke the dog emerged from the shadow in which it had crept after them, and sprang at him.

There was a yell on his part, a snarl on that of the animal, and a fluttering of wings.

Another moment Jarvis was tearing toward the house, bearing a considerable portion of the lawyer's outer garment, and the released bird was winging its way back to the tree.

"Thrye," panted Clint; "you've let it go! I knowed you would, stupid."

This was the last straw for Jarvis, no longer able to contain his anger, boxed his companion's ears.

When Clinton recovered from his amazement, for the blows astonished him considerably, he saw the old man walking toward Newville.

"Say!" he cried, starting after him, "is this the way you treat your partner? I've a good mind to burn that parchment."

"Boy," said Jarvis, "if you'd been bitten as I have you'd feel as mad as I do," with which he explained what he had suffered.

"Well, dogs *should*," murmured the lad. "You can take the box."

"I'll return here on Monday and set the men to digging," said his companion. "Did you hear what Cobb said about that owl?"

"Yes," nodded the boy.

"Don't you disturb it after this," continued the lawyer, as he pocketed the article given him. "I wouldn't go through what I've done to-night for any money you might pay me."

The boy watched him out of sight, then murmured:

"Pooh! what do I care about their story? I'm going to git that owl."

It did not take him long to arrive at the tree, and as he clambered to the trunk, he heard the unfortunate bird hiss, showing it had returned to its retreat.

Clinton shinned up to the branch, intending to use his jacket as a muffler, when he saw two persons approaching.

The moon had risen, and he could almost make out their features.

He seized one his limbs, and crouching down in the fork, listened.

Upon arriving at the tree he recognized their voices.

One was the major and the other the minister of their church.

The pair were conversing in a very animated manner, and as they strolled by, Clint heard Holt say:

"You settle Hayes and I'll smother Grant."

In another moment they had passed on.

"Settle President Hayes and *smother* General Grant," murmured the boy, whose hair bristled with horror. "Here's a conspiracy. I'll follow them."

He silently descended the tree and crept after the retreating figures.

[To be continued.]

"Inglestone Clinton" was commenced in No. 420.

Look out for our new story, "TRACKED BY A PIRATE."

THE MUTINY.

SAILORS are superstitious, you may say; perhaps no men on the face of the earth are more so, but then their signs and warnings generally come true.

No man who is a true sailor will leave port on a Friday unless it is in a fit of obstinacy, and that was the reason Captain Jones, of the *Little Flirt*, sailed on that unlucky day.

The schooner had had luck from the time she slipped off the stocks and came near knocking her self to pieces.

Then, when they were hoisting the engine on board, the head of a derrick broke and killed a man, and from that hour the name of unlucky clung to the *Flirt* like a funeral pall.

It was no use; sailors would not believe in her, and finally the schooner went out short-handed because it was so hard to get any one to ship in her.

The consequence was that it was about the hardest crew that ever ran out of the dock.

Nearly every man of them was under a cloud of some kind, and two or three had something worse whispered against them.

There were two or three Danes, two Kanakas, and a big darkey in the crew.

We called him Handsome Pete; I suppose, because there was never such a repulsive face given to mortal man.

As for me, I never would have taken second mate of the *Flirt* if it had not been for my being so down on my luck in every way, and tired of waiting for a chance to get away from before the mast.

The captain was an old salt, and all he had in the world was in the schooner.

It drove him wild to have her run down, and if you wanted to get him raving mad you only had to say something about bad luck that hung to the schooner.

It happened one Thursday night, when he was drinking with a party of captains, that one of them said all he needed to do to finish the luck of the *Flirt* was to go out of port on a Friday.

Then he said he would sail on Friday, just to spite them.

And, by George, he did it, and the *Flirt* ran out at nine o'clock on a Friday night, the men muttering among themselves that no luck could come of it.

I thought a good deal as they did about it, but there was no use to say anything, for the captain was just in the humor to hit a man over the head with a belaying-pin if he dared to cross his path.

I tried to laugh it off among the men and say that the day ended at six o'clock, but it wouldn't do for the crew of the *Flirt*, and a more sulky lot than they were it was never my luck to see.

But they did their work like men, and the *Flirt* slipped away before a ten-knot breeze, piling the water under her bows in a saucy way, for she was a neat sailer, unlucky as she might be.

We were soon out at sea, and before the land had faded out of sight we had our first streak of bad luck.

The topmast had been sprung a little, and what with carrying too much sail or I don't know what, it snapped short at the cap, and a loose block came down and knocked a Dane over.

"Dar!" said Handsome Pete; "sarbe 'em right for to come for to go for to sail on a Friday. You see, marse mate, we'se have bad luck all de cruise unless we put back."

"Oh, go and lay down!" I retorted. "Do you think the captain would put into port because we've carried away the topmast? Jump up there, half a dozen of you, and take care of that wreck."

They did the work, growling all the time, but it was not time for them to do much kicking yet, for, after all, there were few schooners as tidy as the *Flirt*, and Captain Jones had the reputation of using his men well, perhaps for the reason that it was so hard to keep a crew on the *Flirt*.

We rigged a spare topmast, and before ten o'clock had it in the place of the old one, and kept on her course, while the men bent on the foresail, and kept grumbling.

After that we had a jolly time for two weeks, until, one dark night, we blundered across the bows of an Australian liner and carried away the bowsprit.

I began to feel shaky myself, for it did seem as if bad luck was following us; but who would dare say as much to the captain?

He used to pace the quarter-deck when it wasn't his watch, and curse us under his breath as a lot of duffers who didn't know how to sail a ship.

Of course we had to grin and bear it, but the men didn't like it quite so well, and I was afraid something bad would come of it if the men were abused.

And the bad luck was making the captain so cranky that you couldn't do anything to suit him, no matter how hard you might try.

But one day, when we were running down the Brazilian coast, he knocked down one of the Danes, who was swabbing the deck, because the man happened to splash him.

That was the last drop in the bucket, and the crew all took handspikes and pitched into us, and before we had time to say Jack Robinson we were on our backs, tied hand and foot, and the crew had possession of the schooner; and—would you believe it?—Handsome Pete was captain.

We could hear them yelling and stamping about the decks, and I knew they were drinking, and I knew, too, there was no telling how it might end if they got roaring drunk.

But just after dark, two or three of them came down into the forehold, where we were lying, and hauled me on deck.

"See yah, mister mate!" explained the negro. "He capsen now, but de capsen don't navigate de ship. I want you for last cossifer."

"You want me to sail the ship? Well, then, I'll be keel-hauled first, and then I won't."

"Tek car', snarled the negro; "we ain't got nuffin ag'in you, but at de same time you've got to sail de schooner, or we'll drop you ober de rail."

"I've got to speak to the captain first," I said. "If he wishes me to do so I'm agreed."

So I went below, and for a wonder they did not go with me.

The captain was eager to have me take charge of the schooner.

"Perhaps you'll get a chance to help us," he suggested.

So I went on deck and took the navigation of the schooner into my own hands.

I selected five men who did not look as if they were very hot after mutiny, and sent the rest below, as night was coming on.

Then I got a chance to say these words to the man at the wheel:

"Are you in this, Dave?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"How about the rest of the men on deck?"

"They'd be glad to be out of it, if they could, except that big Dane forward."

I managed to speak to the other three men, and found them ready for business.

Then, whispering to one of them to stand by the fok'sel scuttle, I stepped forward to the place where the Dane, the one who had been knocked down, was seated on a coil of rope.

"Get up!" I said. "I want to talk to you."

"You speak very loud to your master," he retorted.

"Take that, you rascal!" I cried.

If I ever hit a man with a good will I hit him, and he was sprawling on the deck, while my man at the scuttle closed it and sat down on it.

Scarcely had we done it when Handsome Pete and the other two whom he had made officers, came roaring out of the cabin, and I knew that I must strike hard and quick.

"You traitor!" hissed Pete. "Down you go!"

He sprang at me with a heavy bar, and I shot him as I would have shot a mad dog.

The two others recoiled before my leveled revolver, and before they recovered from their surprise my three men were on them, and they were knocked down and gagged.

Then two of the men sprang down and released the captain, mate and two men, who had not been regarded as safe, and the schooner was our own again.

We worked her into Rio, where by great good luck we found the crew of a whaler which had been wrecked; and who had been left there by the ship which had picked them up.

We gave up our birds to the consul, and he sent them home in irons, while we sailed with a full crew.

But, from that day to this, there has been no ill-luck for the *Flirt*, and I want no better men than those who stood by me in retaking the schooner from the hands of the mutineers.

MAGIC.

THE RING AND THE HANDKERCHIEF.

THIS may justly be considered one of the most surprising deceptions, and yet it is so easy of performance that any one may perform it after a few minutes' practice.

You previously provide yourself with a piece of brass wire, pointed at both ends, and bent round so as to form a ring, about the size of a wedding ring. This you conceal in your hand.

You then commence your performance by borrowing a silk handkerchief from a gentleman and a wedding ring from a lady, and you request one person to hold two of the corners of the handkerchief, and another to hold the other two, and to keep them at full stretch.

You next exhibit the wedding ring to the company, and announce that you will make it pass through the handkerchief.

You then place your hand under the handkerchief, and substituting the false ring, which you had previously concealed, press it against the centre of the handkerchief, and desire a third person to take hold of the ring through the handkerchief, and to close his finger and thumb through the hollow of the ring.

The handkerchief is held in this manner for the purpose of showing that the ring has not been placed within a fold.

You now desire the persons holding the corners of the handkerchief to let them drop, the person holding the ring (through the handkerchief as already described) still retaining his hold.

Let another person now grasp the handkerchief as tight as he pleases three or four inches below the ring to let it go, when it will be quite evident to the company that the ring is secure within the centre of the handkerchief.

You then tell the person who grasps the handkerchief to hold a hat over it, and passing your hand underneath, you open the false ring by bending one of its points a little aside, and bringing one point gently through the handkerchief, you easily draw out the remainder—being careful to rub the hole you have made in the handkerchief with your finger and thumb, to conceal the fracture.

You then put the wedding ring you borrowed over the outside of the middle of the handkerchief, and, desiring the person who holds the hat to take it away, you exhibit the ring (placed as described) to the company, taking an opportunity, while their attention is engaged, to conceal or get rid of the brass ring.

THE VANISHING DIME.

Having previously stuck a small piece of white wax on the nail of your middle finger, lay a dime on the palm of your hand, and, addressing the company, state that it shall vanish at the word of command.

"Many persons," you observe, "perform this feat by letting the dime fall into their sleeve; but to convince you that I shall not have recourse to any such mean deception, I will turn up my cuffs."

You then close your hand, and, bringing the waxed nail in contact with the dime, it will firmly adhere to it.

You then blow your hand and cry "Begone!" and, suddenly opening it and exhibiting the palm, you show that the dime has vanished.

If you borrow the dime of any of the company, take care to rub off the wax before you return it to the owner.

THE BEGINNINGS OF GENIUS.

TOWARD the close of an Autumnal day in 1838, Mr. E. L. Blanchard, happening to pass through Shrone, a village about four miles from Gravesend, came upon the oddest group imaginable. A little boy, scarcely six years of age, was the centre, "we are told," of an admiring throng of urchins, who seemed to be in the most exuberant state of delight at each fresh comicality of the entertainment, which seemed to consist of an imitation of a farmyard, with a few voices dexterously thrown in. It was over before I could discover the reason for the merry peals of childish laughter which had reached me; but in a few moments the extremely juvenile monologist recommenced his performance without becoming aware of another being added to the audience. A dexterous rearrangement of his pinafore, a twist of his child's cap, and a small stick snatched from the hedge, and there was the miniature figure of an old man tottering rather than toddling about the garden, the few words uttered in simulated tones serving to identify a resemblance which evidently left the diminutive spectators in no doubt as to the fidelity of the likeness. Then came a change of face, another readjustment of the pinafore, and an altered tone, with a word and a whistle given by turns. This was quickly accepted as a faithful portraiture of a comic countryman well known to the highly appreciative little assembly, and tiny hands were clapped gleefully as the voice of the rustic, simulated in childish treble, was heard to proclaim the necessity of giving something to an old gray mare. In answer to my inquiry as to the name of the amusingly precocious young gentleman, a giggling damsel, scarcely ten, leaped out, "It's only a little London boy down for his health, sir." That little London boy was John Lawrence Toole, the well-known comedian.

"JOHNNY," said a fond mother to her boy, "which would you rather do—speak French or Spanish?" "I would rather," said Johnny, rubbing his waistband and looking expressively at the table, "I would rather talk Turkey."

Look out for our new story, "TRACKED BY A PIRATE."

THE CONESTOGA MASSACRE IN 1763.

A MASTERPIECE OF THE WHITE MAN'S VILLAINY.

THE Colony of Pennsylvania enjoys to this day an enviable reputation in its record of dealings with the Indians. William Penn's policy of fair purchase, fair payment, and the exact observance of treaties, made that a land of peace, while in New England and Western New York there was continued trouble with the natives, and a mournful record of outrages on both sides. But the Puritan and the Quaker policies were diametrically opposed. While Penn was propagating the policy of love the New England settlers were propagating the policy of hate, and both reaped the natural consequences.

So great a man and authority as Cotton Mather wrote such atrocious sentiments as these, relerring to the war with King Philip:

"The little kingdoms and glories of the great men among the Indians was a powerful obstacle to the success of Mr. Elliot's ministry. (Elliot was known as the Indian apostle.) 'It is observable that several of these nations who thus refused the gospel were quickly after so devil-driven as to begin an unjust and bloody war upon the English, which issued in their speedy and utter extirpation from the face of God's earth. It was particularly remarkable in Philip, the ringleader of the most calamitous war ever made upon us. Our Elliot made a tender of the everlasting salvation unto that king, but the monster entertained it with contempt and anger, and, after the Indian mode of joining signs with words, he touched a button upon the coat of the reverend man, adding that he cared not for his gospel as much as he cared for that button. The world has heard what terrible ruins soon came upon that monarch and upon all his people. It was not long before the hand that now writes, upon a certain occasion, took off the jaw from the exposed skull of that blasphemous leviathan, and the renowned Samuel Lee hath since been a pastor of an English congregation, sounding and showing the praises of heaven upon that very spot of ground where Philip and his Indians were lately worshiping the devil."

There was almost nothing of this persecuting spirit in Pennsylvania, and nearly a hundred years passed away after the first white settlements without serious trouble with the red men. But the outbreak of the French and Indian war (or more correctly, the French and English war) soon began to have its natural effect even in Penn's home of peace.

There came from the North and West hostile Indians, and there came the restless Puritan, who hated Quakers quite as religiously as he hated savages. Their coming was the beginning of outrage and strife. They cowed down the peaceful whites and domineered over the friendly Indians. The detestable doctrines of Cotton Mather and other witch-burners guided these adventurers, and they seem to have entertained the idea that it would be an easy thing to seize upon all Pennsylvania, expel the Quakers, and take the colony to themselves.

A CHARACTERISTIC OUTRAGE.

In 1763 there remained in Lancaster County the fragments of a once important tribe of the Six Nations. They were settled at Conestoga, and were known as the Conestoga Indians.

On the arrival of the first Europeans in Pennsylvania, this tribe came to welcome them, bringing presents of venison, skins and corn, and the whole tribe entered into a treaty with the first proprietor, William Penn, which treaty was "to last as long as the sun should shine or the waters run into the rivers."

This treaty had been several times renewed and "the chain brightened," as the red men expressed it. It had never been violated on the one side nor the other until the event of which we are about to speak.

By contact with the white settlers, and by the removal of their young men, the Conestoga tribe had diminished into a mere handful; but they lived peaceably with their white neighbors, who respected their peaceable and inoffensive manners.

The tribe had gone down and down in numbers, until there remained on their reservation only twenty persons—seven men, five women and eight children. Their chief, Shebaes, was very old, and had assisted at the second treaty made with Penn, in 1701. He had ever afterward been a faithful friend to the English.

The little remnant of a tribe continued the custom they had begun when numerous and powerful of addressing every new governor and every descendant of the first proprietor, welcoming him to the province, assuring him of their fidelity, and praying a continuance of that favor and protection which they had hitherto perpetrated.

They had accordingly sent an address of this kind to the new governor, John Penn, upon his arrival; but the same was grossly delivered when the following inhumous villainy was perpetrated:

On the 14th of December, 1763, fifty-seven men from some of the frontier townships, who had projected the destruction of the little colony of Conestogs, all well mounted and armed with tirelocks, hangers and hatchets, having traveled through the country in the night to Conestoga Manor, surrounded the small village of Indian huts just about daylight, and broke in upon them all at once.

Only three men, two women and a boy were found at home, the others being out among the neighboring white people selling brooms, baskets, and other articles of their own manufacture. The defenseless creatures at home were shot, stabbed, and tomahawked to death. Poor old Shebaes was cut to pieces in his bed, and all the victims were scalped and otherwise mutilated. The huts were set on fire and all of them, with some of the dead bodies, were consumed.

Of course there was alarm, and the magistrates of Lancaster sent out to collect the remaining Indians, and brought them into the town, and even modeled with them upon the catastrophe, still promising them friendship and protection. Then, to make such protection certain, the Indians were put into the workhouse, which was the strongest and safest building in the village.

But the white marauders were not to be baffled thus. On the 27th of December they suddenly appeared. Fifty of them, all well armed, dismounted and went directly to the workhouse, which they entered in a frenzy of passion. When the fated Indians saw that the promise of white protection was false, that they could not possibly escape, and that they had no weapons, they separated into families, the children clinging to their parents. Then they fell upon their faces, protesting their innocence, declaring their love for the white man, and declaring that, in their whole lives, they had never done them an injury. In this posture they received the bullet and the hatchet, and every man, woman and child was murdered in cold blood.

An account of this affair appeared a few days afterward in a handbill. No name was signed, nor any printed name, but it is probable that the flysheet was written by Benjamin Franklin. The account says: "The barbarous men who committed this atrocious act in defiance of Government and of all laws, human and divine, and to the eternal disgrace of their country and color, mounted their horses, huzzahed in triumph, as if they had gained a victory, and rode off unmolested! The bodies of the murdered were then brought out and exposed in the street till a hole could be made in the earth to receive and cover them. But this wickedness cannot be covered; the guilt will be on the whole land till justice is done on the murderers."

But it seems that, notwithstanding the proclamations of the Governor and the endeavors of the officers of the law, not only was no person punished, but there was such a dread of the banditti that no one ventured to speak against them; even letters in which their villainy was spoken of were sent without signatures, lest vengeance might fall upon the writers.

This massacre, entirely wanton and without the shadow of excuse, was the first that had taken place in Pennsylvania. The account from which we quote charges it upon "Presbyterians," which doubtless means people from New England. It is added that the lawless band actually contemplated the seizure of Philadelphia, and marched as far as Germantown, where they learned that preparations had been made not only to receive but to punish them. Then they disappeared, and probably returned to the East. No doubt this wicked massacre was devised by the French leaders, whose natural policy would be to break up all friendly relations between the Indians and their English settlers. It was not so dreadful a massacre as that of Wyoming, a few years later; but it was enough to bring disgrace upon the participants and upon the Government that permitted the murderers of those Indians to go unpunished.

And just such outrages, in greater or less degree, have marked the history of our country even from the day when Columbus and his companions kidnapped Indians to be made slaves in Spain, to the very latest massacre of starving and fugitive Cheyennes on the Western prairies.

THE CONESTOGA MASSACRE.—"THEY FELL UPON THEIR FACES, PROTESTING THEIR INNOCENCE. IN THIS POSTURE THEY RECEIVED THE BULLET AND THE HATCHET, AND EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD WAS MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD."

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.

SITTING in my comfortable home in England, surrounded, by my family, it is difficult for me to realize what a narrow escape from death I once had, as shown in the following narrative:

I am a civil engineer, and in the year 18— was engaged by one of the railway companies of Northern India to survey and plan a proposed extension of their line. For this purpose, accompanied by an assistant and three shikarees, or guides, I had advanced into the heart of the hill country, and at the time my narrative commences had nearly reached the point at which my labors were to cease.

It had been a blazing day, so hot, indeed, that about midday we had to discontinue working. Our tents were pitched close to a swift-running stream, which threaded its way through a beautiful valley, the picturesque appearance of which was height-ened by the surrounding rocks and hills.

Having eaten our supper, we were all enjoying a quiet smoke before retiring to rest. With my head supported by some of the baggage, I lay ruminating over my plans, and the difficulties which would have to be surmounted in carrying the line along; but, interested as I was in the matter, my thoughts soon turned to what was to me a far pleasanter subject, the memory of some one who was waiting patiently for me in England, where I intended returning on the completion of my present undertaking.

I was aroused in the midst of a happy dream by my assistant's adjournment to his tent, and, resolving to follow his example, I proceeded to give the necessary instructions to the shikarees with respect to the next day's work, and, after seeing that the baggage-mules were properly secured and everything ship-shape, I retired to rest. No sleep visited me, however; my thoughts were too busy; and, after tossing about from side to side for several long, weary hours, I resolved to get up and go for a walk, hoping that it would prove a sedative, and enable me to sleep later on. Upon emerging from my tent one of the shikarees, who was curled up like a ball by the fire, awoke, and seeing my intention, warned me not to go far, as he believed, from the restlessness of the mules, that there was a tiger in the neighborhood.

At this information I hesitated for a moment as to whether I should take a gun with me; but I could not make up my mind to encumber myself with it, so I decided not to. My walk led me up the side of the valley till I was quite among the hills, and strolling quietly on, I mounted to the top of one of the highest peaks, and lay down to enjoy the cool breeze.

The scene was magnificent. Some hundreds of feet below me the river wound its way between two sheer walls of rugged rock, and I could hear the sound of its rushing waters, eddying and foaming along its rapid course.

Around me gigantic trees, partly veiled in the gray semi-light of breaking day, dimly outlined their vast proportions against the pure bright-blue, rose-tinged sky, and the howls and cries of various animals tended to form a picture of indescribable weirdness and solemnity.

Feasting my eyes upon the scene, I was unconscious of the flight of time; but, finding that the sun would shortly make its appearance, I arose, with the intention of making my way toward the camp. Going slowly along, immersed in thought, I took no note of surrounding objects until I was startled by hearing a low growl, and a noise as of some large animal crashing its way through the thick undergrowth.

I peered through the mist, but could perceive nothing, and as the sound ceased I paid no further attention to it, and continued on my way.

I had not proceeded far before a repetition of the growling, this time much nearer, warned me of my danger, and bade me look after my safety. Not having distinguished from where the sounds proceeded, I thought the best plan would be to continue the way I was going, and quickening my steps I hurried on, until, rounding a curve in the path, I discovered, to my horror, a huge tiger of the man-eating species crouched in the middle of the path down which I had to go.

He was evidently waiting for my appearance, having selected the spot because it was open and easy for him to attack me, and his rolling eyes and bristling tail betrayed his impatience for the expected meal.

A cold perspiration broke out upon me as I realized the extent of my danger, and involuntarily drawing back out of the animal's sight, I gazed in every direction, seeking a way of escape.

Bitterly I blamed myself for neglecting the warning I had received, and my foolishness in not arming myself. To go forward was impossible, so I began to retrace my steps, hoping to reach a place from whence I could make a *détour*, and so reach the camp.

With as little noise as I could possibly help, I hurried along as fast as I dared, knowing that every yard of ground covered placed me in greater safety.

I had traveled some little distance, and was beginning to breathe more freely, when the rustling of the bushes in my rear warned me that the tiger had discovered my rise, and was in pursuit.

Wild with terror, I sprang up the incline at my utmost speed, but not more quickly than the tiger, who had now caught sight of me, and, with loud growls, bounded after me.

Panting and gasping, I ran on; but to no purpose, for the brute gained fast upon me—so much so, indeed, that by the time I reached the top of the cliff which I was ascending he was not more than fifty yards in my rear.

Actuated by despair, I seized a stone which was lying at my feet, and hurled it with all my strength at the tiger, striking him on the skull. Although it struck him hard, it seemed to have no effect upon him, except in rousing him to greater rage than before.

I gave up all hope, and, ceasing my flight, I glared at the beast in a state of lethargy, awaiting my fate. He had now approached so near that he prepared to spring at me. As he crouched I instinctively retreated, and he failed to reach me by several yards.

Unnoticed by me, I had retreated to the verge of the precipice, and in stepping back to avoid the tiger's second spring I fell over, followed by the tiger, whose leap carried him over, too. We were both caught in the limbs of a tree which grew out of a ledge in the cliff, about fifty feet from the top.

Stunned by the fall, I did not at first realize where I was; but on recovering myself somewhat I discovered what a peculiar position I was in. Supported by the frail branches of a tree overhanging a precipice some hundreds of feet deep, with a tiger for one's companion, was not an enviable position to be placed in.

One thing in my favor was, that all the ferocity seemed to have forsaken the tiger, so I was not in any immediate danger from that source. He crouched down on the branches some distance from me, trembling visibly, and whining like a whipped dog.

Glancing upward, I calculated the chances of escape by climbing the cliff, but the inspection proved that such a feat was impossible; so there was no other course open but to wait for the arrival of the shikarees, who I knew would trace me out as soon as they discovered my absence.

Just as I was settling myself more comfortably on my perch, a new danger revealed itself. The soil that the roots of the tree were imbedded in was of a very loose and friable nature, and the shock of the fall had loosened them so that the tree was slowly sinking down, and threatening in time to fall into the precipice below.

The weight upon the tree being evidently too great, the only remedy was that either the tiger or myself should vacate our seat, and I was by no means disposed to give way to him.

There was a dead branch near me, which had been partly broken off, from some cause or other, so taking out my knife, which happened fortunately to be a good stout one, I began hacking at it, in order to use it to expel the tiger from his perch.

It was long before I succeeded in severing it, for my knife was blunt and the wood hard; and, meanwhile, the tree had sunk till it was nearly at right angles with the cliff.

My labor turned out to be in vain, for the tiger had become aware that his position was becoming dangerous, and now commenced to wriggle along the trunk of the tree to the ledge from which it grew, his instinct teaching him what my intellect had entirely overlooked.

He got to the ledge safely; and I was congratulating myself at being separated from so disagreeable a companion, when I found that if I did not

follow him very quickly I should accompany the tree, which was last giving way, and threatened every moment to fall into the valley below.

Scrambling along the trunk as fast as my awkward position allowed me, I only got on the ledge in the nick of time, the tree, upon being released from my weight, rebounding so that the jerk caused the roots to give way altogether, and it fell thundering down until it splashed into the river.

For some considerable time I was overpowered by emotion at my narrow escape; but my first thoughts upon recovering recurred to the tiger. I could not see him at first, but I found he had retreated to the back of the cave which formed the ledge we were upon. He had not recovered from his fright, and a more abject, miserable beast it has never been my lot to witness.

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.—"I HURRIED ON UNTIL, ROUNDING A CURVE IN THE PATH, I DISCOVERED, TO MY HORROR, A HUGE TIGER, OF THE MAN-EATING SPECIES."

Crouching down in a corner, he shivered and whined, and gazed at me as if appealing for protection. Feeling that I was safe from any attack for a time, I composed myself to wait for the arrival of my friends; and I had not to wait long before I heard the welcome sound of their voices. They had found the place where I had fallen over, and began discussing how to recover my body—none of them thinking for a moment that I had escaped. Their surprise may be imagined when I shouted out where I was, and they immediately set about contriving my escape.

Having discovered that I was not injured, and that I could, in a measure, help myself, they lowered a rope to secure round my body, so as to haul me up. Having fastened it as firmly as I could, I gave the word for them to pull, and presently I was swung off the ledge.

The tiger up to this had remained quiet, but, seeing my movement, his rage seemed to return, and as I swung off he sprang after me, and succeeded in fastening his talons in my shoulder. I screamed out with fear and pain, and implored my friends to pull me up, but our united weight was too much for them. My position was now worse than ever.

Suspended in midair, with a tiger hanging desperately upon me, I suffered an amount of terror which I feel to this day. My senses were just leaving me, when the lithe form of one of the shikarees slid over the edge of the precipice and down the rope. Renewed hope took possession of me, and with eager eyes I watched his progress. When he had got near enough to use his weapon without injury to me, by a gymnastic effort he reversed his position so that his head hung downward, and fired his revolver point-blank in the tiger's face. The bullet crashed through the animal's brain, and with a dying howl he relaxed his grip and fell, and at the same moment I fainted away. It was many

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.—"IN STEPPING BACK TO AVOID THE TIGER'S SECOND SPRING, I FELL OVER, FOLLOWED BY THE TIGER, WHOSE LEAP CARRIED HIM OVER, TOO."

weeks ere I recovered from the fever consequent on the fright and wounds I had received; and, indeed, I was not myself again until I was well on my way home to England. Never since have I disregarded a warning, which, in this case, would have saved me from a terrible adventure.

FOR HONOR'S SAKE.

A LEGEND OF FRANCE.

IT was midday in June. The great sun was all ablaze in the centre of the sky, and under its blinding heat all living things seemed to be languid and oppressed. The very birds stirred not from their nests, nor traveled far if they did, but fluttered low with leaden wing; and the vast herds of swine, wont to rush forth at times, and burst over the country in countless numbers, like the waves of an angry sea, now kept to their native woods, and lay grunting placidly in the shadow of the trees. The river Loire flowed peacefully by, as smooth as a lake now; and, as evening drew on, sundry stray oxen wandered down to its banks, and stood there drinking. Presently their line opened, and closed again. Some moving object had passed through them. It was a man—bareheaded, and dripping wet from head to foot.

He came quickly on, without stopping, till he had left the river far behind him. Then he paused and turned round.

He was on a lonely plain, covered with grass here and there, but for most part bare, the soil worn into furrows and hollows, with little earth-heaps scattered about them.

There the man waited—a patient figure in that dreary landscape.

However, he did not wait long.

In a little while a horn sounded—a long, low, tremulous blast.

The man put his hand to his belt, but no horn hung there. He had dropped it while crossing the river.

There was nothing left for him but to make his way in the direction whence the signal came.

So he pushed on, but slower now, for his strength was almost spent, and he was fain to halt from time to time to rest himself.

The man was young—about twenty—with a spare figure and a pale face, and his clear gray eyes looked vigilantly round at every step, and looked in vain.

"Marry! why blows he not again? 'Tis a parlous sad dire plight to be in, and I know not what makes the drôle tarry."

As he muttered this, the horn rang out once more, louder and nearer.

Then a second man appeared on the scene, waving his hand as he came on.

The first man was silent till they met.

Then he smiled, and his somewhat stern look softened. "At last! Bart," he said.

The other, a ruddy-faced, pleasant-looking fellow of about forty, took him in his arms, after the fashion of the time, and gave him a loving hug.

"Swore I not that you would keep your word? And you have kept it, nobly. But what is this? Why, Bertrand, you are as wet as a fish; somewhat bruised, too, I trow?"

"Nay, 'tis nothing," answered Bertrand, quickly. "I did fall once or twice on the road, and am a trifle stiff in the joints; but a day's rest will restore me."

"Why, why——!"

Bart laid his hand on his friend's shoulder, held him off at arm's length, then eyed him searchingly all over.

"Comrade, you are a hero!" he cried. "Deny it not. I know you have swam across the Loire, and he who does that feat should be looked at more than once. On my dagger, I am proud of thee!"

Bertrand shook his head almost sadly; but the sudden color that stole into his face showed he was by no means ill-pleased with the compliment.

"What said I when you and I first came together?" continued Bart, enthusiastically. "Did I not own you for the better of the twain—as my lord, not my equal—and sit the weasand of one sorry coxcomb in the castle who dared to gainsay me? It was gracious of you then, among them all, you should take the poor archer for a friend—he so much older than you; but you, with your student face, and the searching eyes which behold, yet say naught, and the knightly courage to dare and do——"

"Peace, Bart!" interrupted Bertrand; "such praises do but justice to your own warm heart, but I deserve not the half of them. 'Tis enough for me that I have so good a comrade. For the rest, my merits are small, and what little I have done, I have done for honor's sake."

"Ah!"

It was not the word itself, nor the tone in which it was spoken, so much as the look that accompanied it—a look of thoughtful, tender pity—that made Bertrand flush up scarlet and come to a dead stop in a moment.

"Comrade," he said, after a pause, "hast guessed my secret? ... But I spoke not of it to any one ... the dungeon would be my lodging, else."

"Courage! brave hearts win their fortune anywhere," sang out Bart, with a voice like a trumpet. "Know your secret, say you? Pardie, and could I help knowing it? Have I not seen how your face changed when we were together, did the demoiselle Marie but cross the courtyard with her ladies? and who but I have met you sauntering listlessly at nightfall under her casement, with looks as long-drawn as a scullion's? I say to you, have courage and be of good cheer. Nevertheless, you aim a trifle too high, methinks. Have a care, comrade."

As the archer ended his speech he patted his friend on the shoulder.

"Enough of this. Tell me, now, what you saw in your journey. Does that Sir Lancelot mean us mischief?"

"Bart," replied Bertrand, "there are men even now in yon wood, armed men, and their presence so nigh us looks passing ugly. I could not get close enough to see their banner, but as I looked forth from the tree which I had climb, I trow there was one there who showed marvelous like Sir Lancelot."

"Like enough," returned Bart, stolidly. War was an every-day affair to the old soldier, and an ambush a thing to be expected as a matter of course. "The sudden," he went on, "but Sir Lancelot is shrewd beyond his years; he tarries not over his strokes, but delivers them straight when he can. I blame him not, though an enemy. You know, Bertrand, he was a friend of our liege, the Sieur Malmaison, once."

"Ay," returned the other, thoughtfully, "not a year ago."

"Know you not what has altered him and made him an enemy?" pursued the archer.

"No."

Bart watched him narrowly, to judge of the effect of his words.

"Why, then, 'tis said he would fain have paid his devoirs to the Lady Marie, but she would have none of him."

Bertrand started, and was about to answer, but just then the black towers of Malmaison Castle rose in sight, dominating the road they traversed. So he bit his lip and said nothing.

They crossed the drawbridge and passed through the postern into the courtyard. There the men-at-arms were busy now, some polishing their weapons, others trying on their armor in readiness for the fray, and many more talking together in earnest groups, while high above their voices sounded the din of the armorer's hammer.

They made their way through them—two poorly-dressed men, one weary and wet, leaning on the other's arm—and advanced slowly till they met a gray-haired servitor, who inclined his head to Bertrand with the formal courtesy of his office.

"My lord awaits you even now, and has twice demanded of me whether you had returned," he said. "An it please you, follow me."

The archer modestly fell back, and Bertrand, his heart beating as it never beat even in actual peril, was ushered into a lofty chamber, where, on a sort of raised dais, sat a stately old man, with a long white beard descending to his breast.

Bertrand saw him, but saw him as in a dream. For at his side, half-kneeling, half-reclining on a pile of cushions, with the sunlight shining on her yellow hair, was the demoiselle Marie.

She gave a little start as he entered, but quickly recovered herself, and drew closer to her father.

The changing of the outer door as it was closed roused the young man from his abstraction. He looked up. The servitor had retired, and they were quite alone.

"Approach, Bertrand," said the Sieur Malmaison, graciously. Bertrand advanced, and dropped on one knee before him.

At that moment he noticed not the face of Marie, which wore an air of tender trouble at sight of his plight, but spoke frankly and fearlessly, warming as he went on.

"My gracious liege and sovereign," he said, "I have even now watched the warriors of Sir Lancelot assemble in the wood, and he himself is at their head."

A frown darkened the brow of Sir Malmaison, and, without moving from his seat, he signed to him to continue.

"There were over two hundred of them, as near as I could count," pursued Bertrand. "Needless to say I tarried not an instant, but hurried back to bear my news, lest I should be too late. Thank heaven that I have succeeded!"

"Whence saw you this?"

"I climbed a tree—the only cogne of vantage I could gain—and when I had done I slipped down and came on here."

"Thou didst swim the river, too?"

Bertrand bent lower as he answered.

Sir Malmaison mused a space.

"Why, man, such nerve as yours would put your elders to the blush; and the best of my tried soldiers might be proud of such a deed! You have served me faithfully and well, and I shall not prove thankless for the office you have rendered me. Look you, now; you shall be knight of mine from this hour, and have a fitting escort as beseems one who holds high command. Take you this"—and he drew his own sword and gave it to the young man with a grace that was all his own. "Rise, Sir Bertrand!"

Bertrand rose to his feet, and the demoiselle Marie smiled sweetly on him, and his breast heaved, and something like a lump seemed to swell in his throat and choke him. "What! kneeling again!" cried the amazed seigneur. "What said I to you but now? Get up, man!"

"Nay, my liege," said Bertrand, recovering his courage; "ere I go from your presence there is one boon I would crave. You have given me my spurs; let me prove myself worthy of wearing them. An you will but allow me a hundred men, I will surprise Sir Lancelot where he is now hidden, and fall on him like a thunderbolt. They expect no attack; their camp is ill-chosen and clumsily guarded; and easy victory will be ours. I pray you let me depart at once."

For a while a dead silence reigned in the chamber. Then the Sieur Malmaison got up and clasped Bertrand in a loving embrace.

"I grant your boon," he said, "and if you succeed there is nothing that you dare ask of me but what I will grant!"

Not a word said Bertrand, but his cheeks burned; he turned his eager eyes toward the demoiselle Marie—a long, lingering look. The seigneur saw and understood the meaning of that glance.

An hour later a sombre troop of horsemen stole out of the courtyard—silent, and armed to the teeth, as Belfis men bound on a desperate errand. In front of them rode Sir Bertrand, wearing a lofty winged helmet, which the seigneur had himself presented him with. His visor was up, so that all the soldiers could see his pale, stern face; but the rest of his body was clad in complete armor, and a heavy iron mace swung at his saddle. His horse, with the armor lappets covering him in front and rear, was as black as a coal, and behind rider and horse trotted two huge bloodhounds, named Castor and Pollux. Thus armed and accompanied, the knight went forth to the battle which was to decide his fate.

In single file, one by one, they entered the wood, seeming so many moving shadows amid the shadows round them, and the tender stone spoke; and that in a brief whisper, till, on a sudden, lo! the gleam of arms in the glade yonder, and then the curt command:

"Upon them with the sword!"

Down swept the retainers of Malmaison, resistless as an avalanche—down they swept, with clangor and battle-cry and hurly-burly unutterable, on the unsuspecting foe.

Taken unawares, and off their guard, the soldiers of Sir Lancelot made a desperate resistance, but in vain. In less than half an hour they were scattered like chaff before the wind, and Bertrand, bleeding from five wounds, his head drooping over the saddle, his sword-arm hanging powerless at his side, was urging his jaded horse through the wood, on his way back to the castle.

None but himself should bear the news of his victory to her he loved so well. Though round him the silence gathered deeper, and the trees showed weird-like in the farewell glimmer of the dying day,

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.—"I SCRAMBLING ALONG THE TRUNK AS FAST AS MY AWKWARD POSITION ALLOWED ME, I ONLY GOT ON THE LEDGE OF ROCK IN THE NICK OF TIME."

and the carrion-birds, scenting their prey instinctively, followed on his track, to pick the flesh from his bones should he drop down, he went on, feeling more faint and dizzy at every stride his horse made, but resolute to accomplish his task.

Still the dogs followed him. Now and then they would pause to sniff doubtfully at some spot the knight had passed over, and which was stained with his blood, and would utter a doleful whine, as if they could not quite make it out, and then run on in silence.

Bertrand heeded them not; his strength was nearly gone, and all surrounding objects swam before his aching eyes. A little further on, and there was the castle again. He saw dimly a group of the seigneur's horsemen ride up—he felt their arms round him as they lifted him gently to the ground—and then he saw and remembered no more.

The sieur stood at his couch when the knight opened his eyes the next morning.

Neither spoke at first.

"Sir Bertrand," said the seigneur, "you have kept your pledge nobly, as befits you, and now I will keep mine. I could give my Marie to no braver knight—to none half so gentle and so true. You shall wed her next Spring."

SALT.—Nothing that we eat is more valuable than salt, nor could anything, except bread, be more missed. Animals, in fact, will travel distances and brave great dangers to obtain it. On the coast of Sierra Leone, brothers will sell their sisters, husbands their wives, and parents their children, for salt. In the districts of Accra, on the gold coast of Africa, a handful of salt is the most valuable thing upon earth after gold, and will purchase a slave or two. Salt with the Bambaras is such a luxury that

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.—"THE BULLET CRASHED THROUGH THE ANIMAL'S BRAIN, AND WITH A DYING HOWL HE RELAXED HIS GRIP AND FELL."

to say of a man, "He flavors his food with salt," is to imply that he is rich. No stronger mark of affection can be shown in Musoovy than the sending of salt from the tables of the rich to their poorer friends. When we say of a shiftless fellow that he does not "earn his salt," we unconsciously allude to an ancient custom among the Romans. Among them a man was said to be in possession of a "salary" who had his "salarium," his allowance of salt-money, or salt, wherewith to savor the food by which he lived. Thus salary comes from salt—and in this view of the word, how many there are who do not "earn their salt."

Look out for our new story, "TRACKED BY A PIRATE."

Young Pickwick's Schooldays.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

THE FLIGHT AND THE PURSUIT.

YOUNG PICKWICK and his chums stared at the man who had put his head in at the window with no little astonishment.

He was dressed in a coarse canvas jacket, while his head was covered with a huge sou'wester.

When the boys recovered from their first surprise there seemed to be something familiar to them in his hard-grained face, but they decided at once that if they had seen him before it was in a different dress.

"What's all this row about, Mother Jill?" repeated the man, twisting up his features in a comical manner. "I thought murder had been committed, so just popped in my head to see what was going on."

"Come in, and shut that window," cried the stout woman, crossly.

The man threw a large bundle on the carpet, and placing his hand upon the window-ledge took a flying leap, alighting in the centre of the room.

"I suppose, young gents, you don't remember me?" he said, particularly addressing Pickwick.

"Your features are familiar to me," said young Pickwick. "I am sure I have seen you somewhere."

"Do you remember depriving a cove of his stick?" asked the man.

"I do," replied young Pickwick, a light breaking in upon him.

"I'm the very chap you took that there stick from," said the man, and taking off his sou'wester he revealed the features of Waspy Will.

The boys exchanged glances.

They knew that Waspy Will had a grudge against at least two of their number.

But it would not do to show themselves in the least taken aback by his unexpected appearance, so they resolved to put a bold front on the matter.

"You don't seem very pleased to see me again!" observed the Wasp, turning upon Fitzsham.

"To tell you the truth, I am not," returned Fitzsham, coldly.

"Perhaps your opinion ain't shared by the others?" said the Wasp. "I am sure Pickwick feels delighted to see me arter our friendly parting. Speak up, Picks; ain't yer delighted to see me?"

"So delighted that I wish you were a hundred miles away," said young Pickwick, bluntly.

"I likes you all the better for speaking yer mind," cried Waspy Will.

But his looks belied his words.

"All this talk won't do me any good," said the stout woman.

"What's the matter with yer?" asked the Wasp.

"I want to know who is going to pay?" she said, pointing to the ruins of the sofa.

"The young gents won't object to forking out, if they have done any damage," said Waspy Will, speaking for the boys.

"We will pay anything within reason," observed young Pickwick.

"Do you hear that, Mother Jill?" said Waspy Will; "them young gents is quite willing to pay any reasonable amount."

The fat boy opened his mouth.

"Don't give her a penny," he cried. "That there sofa was broken before I sat down on it."

The woman was about to retort upon the bloated youth, when young Pickwick interfered.

"Take no notice of him," he said; "I will see that you are paid. How much do you want?"

"Two pounds," said the stout woman, promptly.

Young Pickwick and his chums knew very well that half a crown would have amply recompensed her for the damage done to her dirty old sofa.

"I'll give you five shillings," said young Pickwick.

"That's a fair offer," observed Dick; "if she doesn't like to accept it she can do the other thing."

"Do you hear that?" cried the stout woman, turning to Waspy Will.

"I does," replied that gentleman.

"Will you stand by and see an old woman cheated?" she cried, angrily.

"No, I won't," said the Wasp, putting on a look of virtuous indignation.

"I think the old woman is quite capable of taking care of herself," said young Pickwick, "judging by the way she pitched into Swaps."

"Oh, let's get out of this, Picky," cried Fitzsham. "She won't accept our offer, so the best thing we can do is to take our departure."

"I'm coming," said young Pickwick, throwing a five-shilling piece upon the table.

The boys made for the door, but Waspy Will's burly form stopped the way.

"Don't tell me that you are a-going to leave this 'ere place without settling with the landlady," he cried.

"Let us pass, if you please," said young Pickwick; "it is not your business."

"S'pose I makes it my business?" said Waspy Will, picking up the five shilling piece and putting it in his pocket. "Now I tell you, slap, you are not a-going to leave this 'ere room till yer stumps up them two quid."

"Then you will have to board and lodge us," replied young Pickwick, reseating himself upon the chair he had just vacated.

"All right, my jokers," said the Wasp, taking up his bundle and striding out of the room. "Here you'll stop until you forks it out."

"This is a cheerful look-out," observed young Pickwick, as Waspy Will noiselessly turned the key in the lock.

"Yes," returned Dick; "I wouldn't mind so much, but it will delay us in our search after the Diddler."

"Why can't we escape by the window?" suggested Fitzsham.

"No go," returned young Pickwick; "I heard the shutters swing to a moment ago. The Wasp is up to snuff."

"Let's keep it up lively, then," cried Dick, and the three boys began banging away at the door.

"Stop that row!" said the fat boy. "Can't a fellow have a nap in peace?"

There was a general laugh at this.

But they continued to bang at the door.

Suddenly young Pickwick uttered a cry.

He had accidentally kicked up the carpet, and a trap-door was disclosed, in which was fixed an iron ring.

"Hurrah!" cried the boys, as they hastily pulled up the trap, revealing a steep flight of steps.

It was an entrance to the cellar.

The boys hurried down the steep ladder-steps.

When they were all down young Pickwick closed the trap.

"We are pretty well right now," observed young Pickwick. "There is sure to be a place where they take in the beer."

As he spoke they saw another trap in the wall.

To open it was the work of a moment, and they were once more in the open air.

"Now, Swags," cried young Pickwick, "you will have to put your best foot forward."

Away the boys hurried at the top of their speed.

They had not gone far when they heard some one shouting to them to stop.

Looking back they saw Waspy Will coming up behind them.

"Oh, here he comes!" cried Swags, puffing and blowing.

He put his legs out with astonishing rapidity.

It became evident that the fat boy, bloated as he was, could run if he considered such exertion necessary.

"Here, I want to speak to yer," cried Waspy Will.

But the boys paid no heed to this.

They were not so green.

"He can't catch us," cried young Pickwick. "He has got his bundle on his back, and that impedes his progress."

But a moment later young Pickwick pulled himself up short and bade his companions do the same.

For right before them was a high cliff, down the perpendicular sides of which it was impossible to pass.

The boys had, therefore, no other resource but to run along the edge of the cliff.

They were tormented by the fear that Waspy Will would cut off their retreat.

Along the narrow path they ran, dragging the fat boy after them.

Much to the delight of the boys the chalk cliffs began to narrow in.

At last they came upon a plank which had been thrown across the chasm as a rough bridge.

All the boys hastily crossed to the other side with the exception of Swags.

He quietly walked across, unheeding the cry to "hurry up."

He was equally deaf to the shouts of his friends and the threats of his pursuer.

"I don't see the fun of risking my neck if you do," he observed, when he reached the other side.

"You might have ruined us all," said young Pickwick, angrily, as he drew away the plank.

At that moment Waspy Will appeared on the opposite cliff.

They could hear his heavy breathing.

"Don't try to jump it," cried young Pickwick; "you will come to grief if you do."

But the Wasp heeded not the warning.

He leaped up in the air with the intention of alighting on the other side.

"Oh, heavens!" cried young Pickwick, as the Wasp, with a despairing cry, he has fallen into the chalk pit!"

They strained their ears, but they heard no heavy thud as they feared and expected.

"Perhaps he has not hurt himself much," said Dick, trying to peer into the darkness.

Young Pickwick shook his head meaningly.

He feared the worst.

The boys hallooed down into the deep valley.

Their voices awoke many echoes, but there came no answer from Waspy Will.

"It's no use standing here," said Dick.

"He is dead," said young Pickwick.

The boys turned away.

They pitied the Wasp, although they knew well enough that he was a bad lot.

He had now met a most terrible fate.

They remembered only that he was a fellow-creature.

"We had better get out of this," said the fat boy, trotting along. "Perhaps people might think we pushed him in."

The boys looked at each other.

"Swags is right," cried Dick; "the sooner we leave this spot the better."

They hurried on for many miles.

Night began to fade away, and the first faint light of early dawn appeared in the east.

They were now on the banks of a large canal.

"I'm awful tired," observed the fat boy. "I must rest, if it is only for half a jiffy, as the Diddler used to say."

"All right, Swags," returned young Pickwick; "I think you deserve it."

The boys flung themselves down upon the grass, and speedily fell asleep.

CHAPTER LXIX.

THE JOURNEY TO LONDON.

THE sun rose higher and higher in the heavens, and still the boys slept on.

Not a living creature was near to disturb their well-earned repose.

Presently a barge came slowly creeping up the winding canal.

Young Pickwick, hearing the voice of the man whose horses were towing the barge, sat up, rubbing his eyes.

"I say, Dick," he cried, pinching his chum; "shall we ask the bargeman to take us up to London?"

"Fine idea," said Dick; "let's try it on."

They addressed the man who was leading the horses. The man hailed his mate on the barge.

"Can we give these 'ere boys a lift up to London?" he cried.

"What have they got to give us?" asked the bargee.

Young Pickwick reflected.

"We can give you half a crown a head," he said.

"Then in you come," cried the bargee, and the boys speedily found themselves comfortably seated in the barge.

"I like this," said the fat boy; "this 'ere moving about without no exertion is what I call jolly."

The boys talked in low whispers about the Diddler as they drew nearer and nearer to the great city where the hapless Diddler was hidden away.

Suddenly the barge became stationary.

"Why, what are you stopping for?" said young Pickwick.

"To wait for another horse and a pal of mine," replied the bargee, shortly.

He did not appear to like the question.

Turning away he began to prepare breakfast.

"Oh, it do smell nice," said the fat youth, sniffing the air, which was redolent of hot coffee and fried bacon.

"You are what I calls a fine, well-fed chap," observed the bargee, with an approving eye.

He filled the fat boy's plate to overflowing, treating the other boys in the same liberal manner.

"Now you boys just trot into the cabin and have a snooze," said the bargee, when breakfast was over. "My pal don't like boys, and he won't be best pleased to see you here."

"All right," said the boys, as they hastened to do his bidding.

Not long after the barge was hailed from the shore.

"That's his pal coming on board, I suppose," said Pickwick.

Presently they heard footsteps overhead, and then a loud voice fell upon their ears.

They looked at each other in unmitigated astonishment.

The voice belonged to Waspy Will.

Then he was not dead, after all.

But how came he on board the barge?

The boys asked themselves this question, but they could not answer it.

"I'm glad he wasn't killed," whispered young Pickwick; "but it is a bad lookout for us."

"There is no escape this time," said Dick.

The bargee was speaking angrily.

"Been drinking again?" he cried.

"No, I ain't," returned Waspy Will, sulkily.

"Then how comes yer to be so scratched and knocked about?" cried the bargee. "You are a nice, reliable man, you are?"

"When you have done your jawing I'll tell you why I am in such a state," said Waspy Will.

"Well, fire away," said the bargee.

"I tried to jump over a chalk-pit, and I fell in," said Waspy Will; "it hasn't been for the roots of an old tree I shouldn't be here now."

"And this 'ere man tells me he ain't drunk," cried the bargee. "Why, what was you arter?"

"I was arter boys," said Waspy Will.

The boys in the cabin trembled.

"Oh, arter boys, was yer?" remarked the bargee, with a sudden change of voice. "What had they been a-doing to yer?"

"It's a long story," replied Waspy Will. "They went and broke one of the old woman's sofa, and then refused to pay for it."

"Oh, that won't wash," said the bargee. "I never knew you were so fond of the ladies afore."

"I don't want any of yer chat," said the Wasp, angrily. "You wait until I gets hold of them there boys. Won't I warm 'em up."

"Perhaps you won't get hold of 'em," said the bargee, raising his voice. "If I was them boys I'd keep out of your reach. You are uncommonly rusty when you are riled."

"Oh, I can sting, and no mistake," said the Wasp, complacently.

The barge was again in motion.

Young Pickwick and his friends breathed more freely.

It was evident that the bargee did not mean to betray them.

"He is a jolly brick," whispered young Pickwick.

"Didn't he pile up my plate?" cried the fat boy, smacking his lips.

"Do you hear your row, Swags," cried young Pickwick. "Do you want to betray us?"

"Of course I am the only one that ever makes a row," said Swags, indignantly.

"I tell you to hold your tongue," cried young Pickwick. "If you don't, you shan't have much grub from me, for three days."

This threat had the desired effect.

Swags relapsed into silence.

About an hour later the barge reached London.

There was much noise and bustle overhead, but the boys did not attempt to move.

Presently the bargee popped his head into the cabin.

"You can come out," he said; "Waspy has gone."

"Glad to hear it!" cried the boys.

They thanked the bargee warmly for his kindness.

"May I ask what is your business in London?" said the bargee.

"We are in search of a schoolfellow," said young Pickwick.

"Well, I wishes yer luck," said the bargee; "but I'm afraid it will be like looking for a needle in a bottle of hay, if yer ain't got no clue."

"We mean to look till we find him," said the boys.

"Well, all I can say is that I wishes yer luck, as I said afore," observed the bargee.

He seemed disposed to have a long conversation with them, but they did not give him much encouragement. They were eager to begin their search after the Diddler.

"Though how on earth we are to set about it is more than I know," observed young Pickwick, when they found themselves walking along the canal side.

"I'm afraid the man on the barge is right," said Fitzsham; "it is a regular wild goose chase."

"If I were you I would knock at every house in London and ask if the Diddler was at home," said the fat boy, looking very knowing.

The boys laughed.

"Well, it is about as good an idea as any of us can offer," observed young Pickwick.

They had left the canal, and were now in a very handsome street.

Swags stopped before a pastrycook's shop.

"Don't I wish I was going to get married!" he said, looking at a large wedding-cake, and sighing deeply.

"Time enough for that, Swags," cried young Pickwick. "Do come along."

"Oh, I'm coming," said Swags, still lingering. "Can't we have some of those tarts?"

"Certainly not," said young Pickwick; "how many more times am I to tell you to come along?"

"This is awful hard," said Swags, with another long-drawn sigh. "Don't I tell you I want something to eat?"

"You have not long had your breakfast," cried young Pickwick, angrily.

The disappointed and dejected Swags strolled along beside his schoolfellows.

But he could not help giving a backward glance at the pastrycook's shop, and as he did so, he ran into a person coming in the opposite direction.

"Oh, I say," said the injured party, "who are you a-pushing of?"

Young Pickwick recognised the voice.

He looked up and beheld Daniel Weildone.

"It is indeed a strange meeting," said young Pickwick. "How came you here, Daniel?"

"Well," said Daniel, "I had a bob offered me, so up I came."

"And quite right to," returned young Pickwick. "If it ain't making too bold, Master Pickwick," said Daniel Weildone, "may I ask you how you come to be in London? There ain't no holiday now, is there?"

"No," said young Pickwick, and he gave him an account of the Diddler's abduction.

"Then it were the Diddler as I see last night," said Daniel Weildone

"What do you mean?" cried young Pickwick, excitedly.

"What I see," returned Weildone. "I were standing on the curb-stone of a street near here, when I see the Diddler looking out of a carriage window. If I hadn't thought he was in the country I should a-hung on behind to find out where he was going."

"Oh, why did you not?" cried Dick Sanchil.

"It's no use crying over spilled milk," returned Daniel Weildone. "What we have got to do now is to try and find him."

"Yes, but how?" said young Pickwick, disconsolately.

"That there question beats me," said Daniel Weildone, shaking his head, and looking in an absent-minded way at the fat boy. "I s'pooks he is hidden somewhere."

"Suppose we run through the streets shouting 'Diddler!'" said Swags, who felt himself called upon to speak. "He'd be sure to hear us if he is alive, and then he would know where we are, at any rate."

"Swags, you are an ass, and had better hold your tongue," said Fitzsham.

"Oh, come now," said the fat boy, squaring up to him, "just you say that again!"

"Don't do nothink of the kind," interposed Daniel Weildone, who saw that a crowd was beginning to collect. "Let's go round the corner."

"Ain't there going to be no fight?" cried a remarkably small boy. "What do that fat country bloke mean by a-coming and disappointing of us? He ain't got no backbone."

The fat boy's face flushed.

He stopped short.

"Oh, do come along!" cried the impatient Pickwick.

"Do you hear what that boy says?" cried Swags. "I'll soon show him what I can do if I haven't got a backbone."

"Yah, come and do it, fat chops!" cried the boy. "It will take you all your time."

The fat boy's breath became loud and short.

He doubled up his fist in a threatening manner.

"I treat him with contempt," said Fitzsham, hastily. "Have nothing to say to him."

The fat boy glanced at the crowd which surrounded him, and concluded to take Fitzsham's advice.

"All right," he said; "I'll do it to oblige you."

"Yah, he is afraid!" yelled a chorus of boys, as Swags was about to turn away. "He's a-going to run off afore his shoes wear out. He's afraid of a little 'un!"

The remarkably small boy, taking advantage of what he considered the fat boy's cowardice, planted himself before him.

"Get out of my way, can't you?" said Swags.

"Oh, do come on!" said young Pickwick, pulling at the fat boy's coat-sleeve.

"Please to let me pass?" said Swags, addressing the small boy. "I'm in a hurry now, but if you'll give me your address I'll wait on you another time."

"No, you don't get off like that," said the small boy. "You insults me because of my ragged togs, and then wants to shirk your liking."

"Don't I tell you I can't afford the time to discuss the matter with you," said Swags, sleepily.

"Then if I let you off," cried the precocious infant, "you'll have to afford a bob, and that's letting you down precious soft."

"You shan't have it, then," said Swags, angrily.

"Do you take me for a milk-paire? I can't chuck shillings in the gutter, and so I tell you."

Before Swags could utter another word he found himself seated in the muddy gutter with a big bump over his left eye.

"Got up and have another taste," said the small boy, with a grin.

Young Pickwick and his chums had withdrawn into the background, and Swags was alone.

"I don't think you have acted fair," said the fat boy. "Why couldn't you say you were a-going to hit out?"

"Come, now, get up and fight like a man," said the small boy.

"I've had enough, thank you," said Swags, still sitting in the gutter.

"I'll take yer with one hand," cried the small boy, putting his sturdy fist in Swags's face.

"I won't fight if yer take me with yer little finger," returned Swags. "Enough is as good as a feast."

"Then give me best," said the small boy, in high glee.

"I'll give yer anything but money, if you'll let me go," blubbered the fat boy.

"Then take yer hook," said the small boy. "Britons never will be slaves, not while I'm alive."

The fat boy slowly rose to his feet and sullenly joined his friends.

"Oh, my eye! you ain't muddy, that you ain't!" yelled the small boy, looking after him.

The fat boy took no notice of this. He seemed anxious to get out of the neighborhood.

"I shouldn't have thought that you would have been afraid of a little chap like that," said Dick Sanchil.

"I couldn't fight on account of being so hungry," retorted Swags. "If I'd had my fill of grub I would have put him down in a moment."

"Why, what a horrid state you are in!" cried young Pickwick. "Everybody is staring at you."

"Have a brush down and your boots cleaned?" cried a boy dressed in a pair of corduroys and a smart red coat. "I only uses Day & Martin's blackin'."

"No, I shan't," said the fat boy. "Go and clean your own boots. I'm sure they wants it."

"That is awful hard," said Swags, with another long-drawn sigh. "I've given me much of your cheek," cried the shoeblack.

"Don't be such a fool, Swags," said young Pickwick. "Something must be done, or you'll be mobbed."

"Perhaps the gent's tired," said the shoeblack, winking at some personal friend. "I'll get a chair."

The fat boy snbent.

He felt tired and weary.

"That's the way to do it," cried the shoeblack, rushing off, and returning with a rickety chair.

Swags gave a sigh of relief as he flopped himself in it and put up his legs on the shoeblack's box.

"Softly over the corns," he observed, as the shoeblack began operations.

"Oh, I'm fly," said the shoeblack, brushing away and whistling melodiously.

"Be as quick as you can," said young Pickwick, giving him twopence. "We are in a hurry."

"I'll be as quick as greased lightning," returned the shoeblack, touching his hat. "Don't flurry yourself."

And he continued brushing away until he could see his face reflected in the fat boy's left boot.

"Now, then, up with the other foot," he cried.

But the fat boy returned no answer save a prolonged moan.

"Wake up, Swag's!" cried young Pickwick, shaking him violently.

still no answer from the blissfully unconscious Swags.

"I charges as much an hour for this 'ere seat," observed the shoeblack.

"Look here," said a brawny son of toil, "get that fat core to out fit. I've only half an hour for breakfast and no time to waste, and I wants a chice wp."

"Why don't you tell your friend to elevate his t'other leg?" said the shoeblack, angrily, addressing young Pickwick.

These words mingled with the fat boy's dreams presumably, for he suddenly and unexpectedly lifted his other foot and gave the shoeblack a terrific kick in the stomach.

The shoeblack was considered by his friends the best-tempered chap in existence, but he lost command over himself for once in his life.

Catching the fat boy by the leg, he overturned him, chair and all.

Swags rose to his feet, rubbing the back of his head.

"This is London life, is it?" he observed; "I wishes I was down in the country."

"You ought never to have left it," cried the shoeblack. "This ain't the place for hogs—not afore they is turned into pork."

"I ain't going to stand any more of your cheek," cried Swags. "Just you clean this other boot."

"Shan't," retorted the shoeblack, beginning to brush away at the muddy boots belonging to the son of toil.

"But you can't leave me like this, you know," cried Swags.

"Can't I?" said the shoeblack, with a provoking grin.

"Come," said young Pickwick, "just put him right and I'll give you a bob."

"I wouldn't do it for all the gold in the mint," returned the shoeblack. "I'm a free-born Londoner, and I ain't a-going to be put upon by a country bumpkin."

The boys saw that the bootblack was not to be bribed and dragged Swags away.

"I serves you right," cried young Pickwick, angrily. "Why did you waste such a foot of yourself?"

"I never!" returned Swags, indignantly; "can't a poor, half-starved human being have a little nap without being pitched into?"

"We ought not to have let you come at all," cried young Pickwick.

"I said so at the time," observed Fitzsham, "but I suppose that since he is with us we must make the best of it."

(To be continued.)

"Young Pickwick's Schooldays" was commenced in No. 666.

Look out for our new story, "TRACKED BY A PIRATE."

THE MYSTIC THREE:

SHOWING WHAT HAPPENED TO THREE BOYS WHO BELIEVED ALL THEY READ.

By PIERCE CUTTING.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

GIDEON GOBLE AS A PILOT.

THIS last proof of the marvelous ability of Truthful George as a story-teller filled the minds of the Devastators with awe.

They began to fear that they would never be able to equal him.

Add the doubt was a most depressing one.

With a view of avoiding any further discouragement, Gid Goble determined to change the conversation.

"Is it hard to steer one of these boats?" he inquired, as they stood watching with no little admiration the skillful manner in which Truthful George guided the huge craft through the many windings of the narrow and constantly shifting channel.

"Hard?" responded that worthy; "sartinly not; it's as easy as——"

"As lying?" ventured Hack.

"Haw, haw, haw! clam me if that ain't a good one," roared the pilot. "I didn't mean exactly that, young feller, but it's as easy as rollin' off a log when you know how."

"And how long does it take to learn?"

"Some fellers can't never learn, not if they stick at it till they're gray; but others agin will learn it in about two year."

"How do they get a chance to learn?" asked Gid, bent on acquiring all the information he could gather.

"If a feller wants to learn pilotin' he has to go 'prentice to a regular licensed pilot."

"Yes."

"Then, when he's served his time he has to pass an examination down to Memphis or Cincinnati or St. Louis, 'scordin' to whether he's a-goin' to run on the Mississippi or the Ohio or the Missouri. Then, if he passes all right, he gits a license an' kin go ahead on his own hook."

"By gum, fellows, I'd like to learn it," said Gid, excitedly.

"You learn it!" exclaimed Sim. "Well, you'd make a healthy old pilot, wouldn't you?"

"For a mud-scow," added Hack.

"Well, I don't see why I couldn't learn as well as any one else," returned the ancient mariner.

"But we do."

"Why couldn't I, then?"

"In the first place, you're too slow."

"Too slow?"

"Yes."

"And in the second place," said Hack, "you're too fat."

"Too fat?"

"Sort of greasy, as it were."

"The wheel would slip through your fingers."

"And you're too sleepy."

"And too hungry."

"Every time he heard the gong for meals he'd want to make a rush for the grub," added Sim.

"And he'd run the boat ashore every time he smelled anything cooking along the banks," continued Hack.

Gideon Goble listened to these vile aspersions of his character with growing indignation.

Particularly as Truthful George was also listening, and seemed highly delighted.

But Gid had learned by sad experience that it was of no use for him to engage in verbal sparring-matches with the other members of the trio.

For he always got the worst of it.

So he took refuge in sullen silence.

While Sim and Hack swelled with importance, and really looked as though they felt the proud consciousness of having done a truly good action.

Their exultation was short-lived, however.

For Truthful George had been quietly concocting a scheme.

And now he proceeded to unfold it.

Turning to Gid, he said:

"Don't mind 'em, young feller; you kin l'arn, of course you kin, and soag me if I don't l'arn you, too."

"You will?" exclaimed Gid, delightedly.

"In course, I will."

And Truthful George winked, knowingly, at Sim and Hack.

"And when will you begin?" inquired Gid, eagerly.

"Right straight off now, this blessed minute; just come up alongside of me here."

Gid was not slow to obey.

And Truthful George began to explain to the ancient mariner the operation of the wheel.

While Sim and Hack looked on in speechless envy.

And Mr. Goble grew taller, at the rate of about an inch a minute.

Truthful George first allowed Gid to handle the wheel.

When that would-be pilot had mastered the rudiments of steering, he proceeded to explain the pilot's method of taking soundings and currents, reefs, sand-bars, snags and shallows.

Until Gid's head fairly buzzed with the multiplicity of the instructions given him.

Now Truthful George had a purpose in thus devoting himself to the education of Gideon Goble in the art and mystery of piloting.

As he could have guessed it, he intended "to chaff Gid Goble for all he was worth."

Two or three hours passed, and Gid had about come to the conclusion that he was just about the greatest pilot on the river.

And Sim and Hack were fairly green with envy and writhing with disgust.

Finally, the boat neared a reach of the river where the channel for nearly two miles was deep and broad.

Truthful George had been waiting for this.

"Now, young fellow," said he to Gid, "I'm going to give you a chance, and see what you can do."

"You," exclaimed Gid, eagerly.

"I'm going to let you take the wheel all by yourself."

"Do you mean it?"

"Sartinly."

"Hooray!"

And Gid began to dance a double-shuffle, at the same time clinging to the wheel.

"Quit your foolishness now and 'tend to business," said Truthful George.

Gid subsided at once.

"Keep her as she are," continued Truthful George. "The channel's as straight as a string, and thar ain't less'n six fathom anywhar from here to that p'int yander."

And George let go of the wheel and stepped back to the rear of the pilot-house to watch his pupil.

"Say, Mr. Truthful George," demanded Sim, "are you going to let that looney try to steer this boat?"

"He's a doin' of it, ain't he?"

"Well, I'd like to be put ashore, that's all."

"What for?"

"Because I don't want to be drowned."

"Who's going to drown you?" inquired Truthful George.

"That lunkhead there will, first thing you know."

"Oh, I guess he's all right."

"Well, he'll be all wrong in a minute; he'll sink the ship, that's what he'll do."

"Yes, or run her ashore," said Hack, disgustedly.

"Or blow her up."

"We'll all go to everlasting smash inside of ten minutes if you don't take him away from that wheel," continued Sim.

"Never you mind," responded Truthful George, coolly; "I'm a-runnin' this yere craft, I reckon."

"Then you'd better sling that old sash out the window and catch hold yourself."

"I tell you it's all right," repeated Truthful George, with a wink that conveyed whole volumes of meaning.

And he put his finger on his lip, and motioned Sim and Hack to follow him.

Wondering what he could be up to, they nevertheless complied.

Truthful George led the way silently out of the pilot-house, and whispered them to conceal themselves behind one of the smokestacks.

And he took position behind the other.

Meanwhile Gid was in his glory.

The boat was practically steering herself, and Gid barely moved the wheel an inch or two at a time, first one way and then the other.

He had made no response to the jibes of his companions.

For he was too thoroughly satisfied with his position to care what they said.

Suddenly he happened to turn his head, and discovered, to his astonishment, that he was alone in the pilot-house.

With this discovery his courage and all confidence in his ability to steer oozed out of his finger-ends in a moment.

And at the same moment he saw at a short distance ahead a ripple on the water, extending all the way across the river.

From what Truthful George had told him, he knew that this indicated the existence of a reef.

His hair stood on end with terror.

Where was the channel?

Gid Goble had not the slightest idea.

And he felt himself gradually sinking into his boots.

In his perplexity he turned the wheel wildly, first one way and then in the other.

As a consequence, the boat's head pointed in a dozen different directions in as many minutes.

Then he rang the bell frantically.

And as he did not know anything about bell-signals, the Pacific was somewhat astonished.

At least to the extent of

"Ding! ding! ding!" went the bell.

And the engines stopped up.

"Ting-a-ling-ling!"

And to send the boat ahead at full speed.

"Oh, murder! what on earth shall I do?" wailed Gid.

And he gave another jerk at the bell-wire.

With the result of stopping the engines altogether,

As the boat lost headway the current struck her stern, and she swung around broadside to the stream.

The engineer rushed out of the engine-room with blood in his eyes.

"What in thunder's the matter with that blamed fool?" he demanded, angrily.

"I'll fool him," shouted the captain; "he's biling drunk, that's what he is."

And the worthy commander of the *Cherokee Warrior* jumped out on the forward deck, brandishing a rifle.

"You 'tarnal idiot," he shouted; "p'int her nose up stream, or I'll blow a hole through you."

And he leveled his rifle at the pilot-house.

At the same moment he saw, to his utter amazement, the startled countenance of Gid Goble peering at him over the wheel.

"Snags and sawyers!" screamed the captain; "drop that wheel, you young varmint, or I'll plug you!"

Gid was in a paroxysm of fright.

So much so, that instead of obeying this order he put the wheel hard down.

And the *Cherokee Warrior* plunged headlong into the bank.

Just as the captain fired his weapon, with a tremendous crash about ten tons of earth from the bank caved in, and fell upon the steamer's forward deck.

Gid Goble, completely terrified out of his senses, let go the wheel and dropped in a heap on the pilot-house floor.

And Truthful George stepped from his place of concealment, and took the wheel with a calm smile.

Just as a small tree on the bank, undermined by the falling earth, came crashing down, and striking the captain with its spreading top, knocked him about ten feet into the air and sent him into the river like a shot.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

THE DEVASTATORS IN PERIL.

IT took but a moment for Truthful George to back the boat off and head her up stream.

And within that time Captain Strothers, puffing and blowing like a porpoise, had swam alongside and been hauled on board.

"Sink me on a sand-bar," he sputtered, flinging his arms around like a windmill; "what's that thar blasing idiot of a pilot? I'm a alligator, that's what I are, an' I'm just a-going to chaw him up."

And the worthy commander emitted a howl that would have well befitted a Cherokee warrior.

That is, supposing one of that noble tribe to be on the rampage.

"Here I am, cap'n," responded Truthful George, who had turned over the wheel to his partner, and now appeared on deck. "I'm your moccasin snake every time; jump right in on me, and you'll think you've been struck by lightning."

"What in thunder do you mean, you darned old river pirate, by getting the *Warrior* into such a fix as this?"

"I don't see nothin' the matter with the boat, cap'n."

"You don't?"

"Nary time."

"Then you're as crazy as Jim Train, and every body in the river knows he was as crazy as a Memphis bedbug in a yellow fever season."

"Wal, what's the matter with you, anyway?"

"Matter with me! Great Scott, I sh'd think there was matter enough, when you poke the old gal's nose into the bank, and latch down 'bout seventeen thousand tons o' mud on the Iowa'd deck."

"Is that all?"

"All? Well, roast me for a roustabout if you don't carry the horns for cheek. Why, hang your picter, didn't you pitch me overboard?"

"Sartinly not."

"You didn't?"

"Not any."

"Oh, no, I reckon not."

"Then what air you gassin' about?"

"I'll larn you what I'm gassin' about. Look at my clothes."

"Sartinly, anything to oblige.

"Take a glimpse at that shirt what I just put on to go ashore in up at Crump's Landing."

"I'm a-glimpsin'."

"And what do you see?"

"Wal, you do look a little mussed, and that's a fact."

"Mussed! Well, bust my bilers if I ain't a total wreck; but I've got it in for you, you can bet your boots."

And Captain Strothers sailed in with the full determination of reducing Truthful George into mincemeat.

He launched a blow at the pilot that was well calculated to knock that amiable individual as far into the future, at least, as the middle of next week.

But Truthful George was too quick for him.

He dodged so adroitly that the captain's effort would have spent its force upon the empty air.

But for one thing.

And that was that the mate happened to be in the way.

And consequently received the blow plump on the nose.

Which knocked him headlong into the fire-room, where he fell upon a group of negro roustabouts, and sent them all sprawling upon the floor.

The mate picked himself up, seized a stick of cordwood, and rushed at the captain with a howl of rage.

By the time he reached him the worthy commander of the *Cherokee Warrior* had his hands full of business.

For he was engaged in a rough-and-tumble with Truthful George.

And the mate, not wanting to spoil a fair fight, paused and looked on.

Over and over rolled the combatants on the deck, grunting and biting like a couple of roughs in a free fight.

When, at length, they were separated, they presented a charming spectacle.

Their clothes were torn to rags, and each exhibited a full allowance of black eyes and bloody noses.

"Now," shouted the captain, as he panted for breath—"now, darn you, I've licked you fair, and perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me what in blazes you mean?"

"What do I mean?" demanded Truthful George, who looked as if he had been run through a hay-cutter; "what do I mean? I mean to make catfish bait of you, that's all."

And he moved toward Captain Strothers as if about to stick him scarfe.

"Hold on, pardner," said the mate, flourishing his stick wildly; "I've got some say in this yere muss, I reckon."

"You have?"

"That's what I said."

"What is it, then?"

"Wal, I ain't a-goin' to be smashed in the jaw for nothin'."

"Who's been hittin' you?" inquired the captain.

"You have, durn you."

"It was a blow an accident, then."

"Nice kind of an accident, I should think."

"Wal, you do look kinder tough, that's a fact; sort as if you'd been kicked by a Texas mule."

"It's all right, cap. I ain't in no hurry; there's plenty o' time to git square."

"Wal, you'd better keep savin' on it up, old man, till you feel eq'al to it."

"I'm as okal now as I ever will be."

"But I say," said the captain, "I ain't got no muss with you; this here galoot is my meat."

And he pointed to Truthful George, who was busily engaged in wiping the blood from his face.

"What have you got ag'in me, cap?" demanded the pilot.

"What have I got ag'in you? Wal, that are a nice question.

"In course it is, or I wouldn't ask it."

"Didn't you run the *Warrior* into the bank?"

"Wal?"

"And chuck me overboard?"

"Not by no means."

"Who did, then? 'Twan't Solky Joe, for he war below at the time."

"Who, then?"

"One o' them darned galoots of boys you've got aboard."

"What, one of them crazy fellers?"

"Them identical purps."

"An' how, I'd be pleased to know, did one of them lunkheads come to have hold of the wheel of my boat?"

"Wal, there's three of 'em, you know."

"Yes."

"And they sort o' double-banked me, as it were;"

"Do you mean to say they took the wheel away from you?"

"They sartainly did, and like to kill me into the bargain."

And Truthful George began feeling all over his person for certain imaginary wounds which, to judge by the expression of his countenance, gave him great pain.

"What air they?" demanded the captain, in great wrath; the whole torrent of his indignation suddenly turned toward the Mystic Three.

"I dunno, cap, no more'n a gopher, 'nless they've jumped overboard," responded Truthful George, who was delighted to find that he had succeeded in turning the captain's anger from himself.

For he had begun to feel a little uneasy as to the probable results of his little joke.

"Wal," said the captain, "I hope they hev, durn 'em, but if they're aboard the *Warrior*, they'll hev to look out for squalls, an' no mistake."

And he made a dive for the stairway leading to the upper deck.

Now it so happened that the Mystic Three had not jumped overboard.

Or even thought of doing so.

They had far too much regard for their personal safety to do that.

Although just at this moment they almost wished they had.

For every word of the conversation between the captain and Truthful George had been listened to by them.

And they had been silent witnesses of the row which had just terminated.

At the moment when Gid had dropped, helpless with fright, on the pilot-house floor, his two companions had rushed in and dragged him out on the deck.

Where all three had remained, crouching by the edge and peering down upon the scene below, silent but interested spectators of the proceedings.

"Well, you've done it now, Gid Goble," whispered Sim, as they heard the captain pronounce their doom.

"Done what?" inquired the ancient mariner, who had in some degree recovered his self-possession.

"Got us into the most useless, meanest, toughest scrape we've had since we started."

"You think so?"

"I think so? Oh, no, I don't; certainly not."

"We're awfully obliged to you, Mr. Goble," said Hack; "the captain's just going to ask us to dine with him.

"And open a bottle of wine."

"And give us the best stateroom on the boat."

To say nothing of the thundering licking we're going to get for dessert."

"Well," remarked Gid, deprecatingly, "it ain't my fault."

"It ain't?"

"Certainly not."

"And whose is it, then?"

"Perhaps it's mine, Mr. Goble?" said Hack.

"Or mine?"

"Or anybody's but yours. Good little Gid never did any harm."

"He ain't capable of it."

"He's just a sweet little lamb, he is."

"Looks a good deal more like a sheep just now."

"I tell you I ain't to blame!" exclaimed Gid, as soon as he could get in a word."

"Who is, then?"

"Truthful George."

"Great whiffletrees!"

"Geewhittaker!"

And as Sim and Hack uttered these exclamations they raised their hands aloft, as if to emphasize their astonishment and disgust.

As they did so the captain, followed by the mate and several of the crew, having searched unsuccessfully all over the lower decks and cabins for the trio, suddenly emerged from the gangway leading to the hurricane-deck.

In another moment the Devastators were collared and dragged below to the forward deck.

"Let me see 'em," shouted Captain Strothers, beginning to foam at the mouth. "Whar air they? I'll chuck 'em inter the furnace for kindlin'."

And he made a rush at the trembling trio.

Just as he did so the whistle shrieked shrilly, the big bell of the boat began to clang dismally, and a hoarse voice cried out in tones that rang throughout the boat: "Crump's Landing!"

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

A STREAK OF GOOD LUCK.

AT this summons the captain, mate and crew hurried about their various duties.

And the Mystic Three were for the time forgotten.

That noble band improved the opportunity by seeking concealment in the most secluded corner of the boat they could find.

Their first thought was to seek the protection of Mr. Boggles.

But they found the effort a futile one.

That worthy drover had retired to his stateroom in a state of sublime inebriety.

You might have fired a cannon in the next berth, and it wouldn't have disturbed him in the least.

So, after trying to arouse him, with no better result than eliciting a number of heavy grunts, they gave up the effort as a bad job.

YOUNG PICKWICK'S SCHOOLDAYS.—"'WAKE UP, SWAGS!' CRIED YOUNG PICKWICK, SHAKING HIM VIOLENTLY."—SEE PAGE 390.

"It's no use," remarked Sim, disgustedly. "He won't wake up for a week. We'll have to find the best hiding-place that we can, and *cache* ourselves."

"We'll get catched soon enough," responded Gid, gloomily.

"Then you don't think we'd better hide, Mr. Goble?"

"The captain will attend to the hiding, I reckon," remarked Hack, with a shiver of anticipation.

"All the same, we may as well prolong the agony as much as we can."

"I don't see the good of that."

"You don't?"

"Not at all."

"Why not?"

"Well, if we're going to be skinned alive, there is no good of putting it off; we might as well have it over and done with."

"Speak for yourself, Mr. Snick."

"That's just what I'm doing, Puggy."

"Well, don't count me in."

"I ain't a returning board."

"No, I know you ain't; it's your friends that are bored, not you."

"Smart, ain't you?"

"I try to be."

"Well, you won't have to try long; you'll smart enough after the captain gets through tanning you."

"It strikes me——" said Gid.

"What strikes you?" interrupted Hack.

"Something will strike him before long," said Sim. "And it won't be an idea, either."

"More likely a club," continued Hack.

"Well, it is an idea this time," persisted Gid.

"An idea?"

"Yes, siree."

"All your own?"

"The whole of it."

"Do you mean it?"

"Sure?"

"Dead sure."

"And original?"

"You bet."

"And it is?"

"That we'd better crawl in among these boxes, and keep as quiet as a dead rat for the next ten hours."

"His reason is returning," said Sim, turning to Hack with an air of conviction.

"The raving terror of the seas is once more on his base."

"He is."

"His foot is on his native heath."

"And his name is?"

"Gideon Goble."

"Lead on, noble pirate, lead on," continued Sim.

And that gory youth led to a point on the main deck, where a large number of packing-cases, barrels and boxes were piled in picturesque confusion.

Into the heart of this pile the Mystic Three crawled.

Stowing themselves away in the smallest possible compass, they awaited developments with as much calmness as the thoughts of their unpleasant situation permitted.

They had barely reached this shelter when the noise of angry voices proceeding from the forward deck reached their ears.

They heard the captain howling like a madman.

While the hoarse voice of the mate thundered imprecations at somebody or something.

What or who this somebody or something was they could not imagine.

As Gid remarked, the object of the captain's vituperation was getting it very hot. And likewise very heavy.

The fact of the matter was that the negro roustabouts, or deck hands, disgusted at the treatment they had received, determined to strike.

And in pursuance of this resolution had left the boat in a body.

Captain Strothers was, as he graphically expressed himself, "mad all the way through."

In point of fact, he was not only mad all the way through, but up and down likewise.

But that did not help matters a bit.

Or rather it made them worse.

The roustabouts were deaf alike to entreaties and threats.

They absolutely declined to work, and the *Cherokee Warrior* was in a moment deprived of a very important portion of her crew.

There was no help for it, however.

The men had to be left behind, so finally the bell rang, the whistle blew a long and loud blast, and the boat shoved off and started again.

A minute later the captain and mate came back along the gangway, and passed directly opposite the spot where the Devastators were concealed.

They were both visibly disturbed.

"Ah' what in thunder air we goin' to do now, I'd be pleased to know?" observed the captain, scowling at the mate, as if that worthy individual was the cause of all the trouble. "Can't ye talk?"

"Bartinly, I can."

"Then what air we goin' to do?"

"Blamed if I know."

"Do you know anythin', anyhow?"

"That depends on what it is."

"You never was no good in a 'mergency, Tom Gormley," exclaimed the captain, angrily.

"That's what you say."

"An' that's what I mean, too."

"I reckon I'm as much good as ever you was," retorted the mate, "though mebbe that ain't saying much."

"Don't rile me now; don't rile me, or I'll have to bust you, sure."

"Who's a-rilin' of you?"

"Why, you air, in course."

"Well, darn it all, cap'n, I'm riled myself."

"If I could only lay my claws in them 'tarnal sarpints that run the boat ashore," said the captain, angrily, "I'd work it off on them."

"Work what off?"

"My rile. I'd make 'em jump round an' help us out, you bet."

"How'd you do it?"

"Make roustabouts of 'em, that's how."

"Would you, captain?" interrupted a voice so close at hand that it made both the captain and the mate jump nearly out of their boots.

It was the dulcet voice of Simeon Walsingham Pugsley.

The last remark of the captain's had sent a ray of hope to his fainting soul, and he had grasped it.

And even as he spoke that young hero crawled boldly out from his hiding-place.

Followed by Gid Goble and Hackaliah Snick.

The effect of their appearance was in a manner electrical.

The captain stood aghast with indignation.

While the mate grinned till he looked as if he intended to swallow the boat and all on board.

Before the skipper could think of any language strong enough to express his astonishment in, Sim went on:

"You're in a hole, cap."

"Well, I just am."

"And there's nothing mean about us."

"Ain't there, though?"

"So we've got a proposition to make."

"Prop away."

"Promise to let up on us now."

"Well?"

"And forgive us all our sins."

"Oho!"

"And we'll help you through."

"You'll what?"

"Work for you."

"You will?"

"Every one of us."

"Like three little angels," added Hack.

"Or three skimmers of the deep blue sea," continued Gid.

"Or anything else handsome and good you can think of."

"Then you're a lot of A No. 1 copper-bottomed, silver-mounted, seven-sided, Queen Victoria bricks," exclaimed the captain, in great delight; "and I'll forgive you for skin' the old gal's nose inter the bank and nearly drowndin' me."

"Is that a bargain?"

"It ain't."

"Then you can put 'em right down on your books as the crew of the *Cherokee Warrior*," said Sim.

"Hooray!" shouted the captain; "now I reckon we air fixed."

"If we don't have better luck than usual, you certainly will be soon," muttered Sim.

"You, Tom Gormley," continued the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the mate.

"Take these young fellers forrard an' show 'em what to do, while I go and look at the barometer."

And Captain Strothers retired to his stateroom, where he examined the barometer, which seemed to be kept in a black bottle, and to require the use of a glass and the pouring out and imbibition of some of its contents, while the Mystic Three followed the mate to the forward deck.

There they took their post at the various stations assigned to them by that functionary, and waited for the occasion to arise when they might show their ability in their new profession.

And the *Cherokee Warrior* plowed majestically ahead through the yellow and turbid waters of the Missouri, manned, or, rather, boyed, by the Mystic Three of Scattercille, as ever ready to do anything they knew nothing about if they only got the chance.

Or anybody was foolish or unlucky enough to give it to them.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

A NEW TRADE.

ON went the *Cherokee Warrior*, her paddles churning the muddy waters of the Missouri into a soapy dun-colored looking compound that reminded Gid of pea-soup, while Sim thought it looked like poor-house coffee.

The boat had no landings to make for some hours, so the Mystic Three had before them a period of inactivity.

Or, rather, they thought they had.

For they were not yet posted in the multifarious duties of a roustabout.

And so, for an hour or two they lounged about the forward-deck, with nothing whatever to do.

"This is what I call nice," remarked Sim, who had nestled himself on a pile of pig-lead, which was stored in the middle of the forward-deck.

"What do you call nice?" demanded Hack.

"Why, this new line of business I've got you into."

"You call it nice?"

"And no mistake."

"And you got us into it, did you?"

"I just did."

"Mr. Pugsley, I don't like to impugn your veracity, but I feel obliged to remark, under these circumstances, that the truth is not in you."

"It isn't necessary for it to be in me."

"It ain't?"

"Certainly not."

"And wherefore?"

"Because I just gave it to you."

"You did?"

"Precisely."

"As how?"

"When I said that I was the means of your occupying your present position."

"Well," said Gid, who had been silently listening to this conversation, "I've seen frauds."

"Have you been looking at a glass lately?"

"And duffers."

"Ah?"

"And dead-beats."

"You don't say so?"

"But I do."

"And why so?"

"Because, for a rose-tinted, pearl-handled, cashmere bouquet, round and round the mulberry-bush, cross-barred and dyed in the wool, no such a thing, you're the champion."

"I am?"

"You are, and no error."

"Ain't you tired, Mr. Goble?"

"Not very."

"You ought to be!"

"Why had I?"

"Well, any fellow that slings dictionary at that rate must get tired some time, unless he's got a cast-iron jaw."

"Perhaps I have."

"I've often thought so."

"Especially about meal time," put in Hack.

"Well, you agree with me, I know," said Gid, turning to the speaker.

"About what?"

"That Puggy is a fraud."

THE MYSTIC THREE.—"THE WORTHY COMMANDER OF THE 'CHEROKEE WARRIOR' HAD HIS HANDS FULL OF BUSINESS, FOR HE WAS ENGAGED IN A ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE WITH TRUTHFUL GEORGE."—SEE PAGE 391.

ROB ROLLALONG, THE RUNAWAY.—"'BACK, OR I FIRE!' EXCLAIMED HATTIE, AND PUNISHED A FORWARD MOVEMENT OF THE ENGLISHMAN'S BY SHOOTING HIM THROUGH THE HEAD."

"I'm with you every time on that, Mr. Gobie."

"And he had no more to do with getting us out of this last scrape than you or I."

"Not so much."

"Of course not."

"In fact," said Sim, disgustedly, "I had nothing to do about it."

"You're right, you did not," said Hackaliah.

"I didn't speak to the captain?"

"Suppose you did, we spoke to him, too."

"Much good that would have done if I'd have kept still."

"It would have done us a great deal of good."

"How would it?"

"Why, if I had done the talkin' we'd have been laying off in a stateroom now, instead of being doing this nigger work."

"I haven't seen you do any work yet, Mr. Snick."

"Well, you're liable so; most any minnits."

Hackaliah Snick's words were prophetic.

For he had barely uttered the last remark when the mate shouted, hoarsely:

"Shift ballast to starboard."

Now, the operation of shifting ballast on a river-steamer is a very simple one.

Since it consists merely in hauling a huge box, filled with scrap-iron and mounted on wheels, from one side of the boat to the other.

But it so happened that the Mystic Three had never witnessed the operation.

Or dreamed of it.

Consequently, they had not even the remotest idea of what was to be done.

Not even a glimmer. Or a ray of hope. So they stood looking helplessly at one another and did nothing, while the mate howled.

"Air you goin' to shift that ballast, or hev I got to do it fur you?"

"Where is it?" inquired Sim, looking pensively at the sky.

"And where do you want it shifted to?" demanded Hack.

"And how soon?" asked Gid.

The mate was almost mad enough to foam at the mouth.

But he restrained himself.

That is, in a degree.

"Do you see that?" he shouted.

"See what?"

"That thing there?"

And he pointed at the ballast-box.

"I observe it," replied Sim. "It's very pretty. I always did admire that shade of green."

"You see it, do you?"

"I am soverin: it with my optics."

"Do you know what it air?"

"Looks like a box, Mr. Gormley."

"On wheels."

"Or a go-cart."

"Yes, or a perambulating peanut-stand."

"Wal, you punkin-headed idiots, that 'ere's the ballast-box."

"Oh, it is, is it?"

"Yes, and when I holler out fur you to shift ballast, you want to jump lively and do it."

"Where'll we shift it to?" inquired Hack.

"Starboard or port, 'cording as I tell ye."

"And where's starboard and port?" asked Sim.

"I know, I know," said Gid Gobie; "starboard's your right hand and port's your left; I'll show you."

And the ancient mariner assumed an air of importance befitting the commander of a thousand-ton clipper, at least.

"Wal," said the mate, "if you know it's all right."

"Of course it is, shipmate," responded Gid.

"And I'll make you captain of the roustabouts, and you can explain it to them other two idiots. Now, shift that ballast to starboard."

"Ay, ay, sir!" shouted Gid. "Here, you fellows, lend a hand here, and be lively."

And he led the way to the ballast-box.

Now the ancient mariner had but one idea regarding the running of port and starboard.

And that idea was that starboard was right and port was left.

And as at the moment he happened to be facing toward the stern he reversed the order of things.

Seizing the ballast box by the iron handle, and aided by Sim and Hack, he pushed the box toward the port side.

The boat was already careening in that direction, and the shifting of the ballast gave her a list that made the deck incline at an angle of thirty degrees.

And the ballast-box, gathering a momentum from its weight, rolled rapidly toward the edge of the deck.

"Hold on, dern you, you blazing idiots!" cried the mate, who was dancing wildly up and down on the upper deck; "block her up, I tell ye, or she'll go overboard, sure."

His words were prophetic and his warning too late.

In spite of all the efforts that the Devastators could put forth, the box escaped their control.

And plunged overboard with a sullen splash.

Its weight carrying it to the bottom in a second.

The boat, suddenly relieved from the excessive weight on the one side, immediately careened violently to the other.

And Tom Gormley narrowly escaped being thrown overboard.

Which didn't improve his temper in the least.

He made one leap to the lower deck, and, seizing Gid Gobie with one hand and Hackaliah Snick with the other, knocked their heads together until they saw more starry constellations than Professor Proctor ever dreamed of.

While Sim sought refuge in the cook's galley, and lay low until the row was over.

When the mate had vented his wrath on Gid and Hack until they looked as if they had been fooling with a quarts-crusher, he calmed down and released them.

"Now," he said, grimly, "you know what to expect, so just go about your business, and mind you 'tend to it!"

"We'll do it," replied Gid, meekly.

"You'd better, unless you want to be b'iled alive."

"Which we don't."

"Wal, you mind your eye, and look out sharp for orders from the pilot."

"Yes."

"And when you git 'em, jump quick, or you'll catch pepper."

"Thank you."

"Red pepper, mind, with a spoonful of mustard chucked in."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Gid, humbly.

And the mate retired to eat his dinner.

While Gid and Hack sat down on the pile of pig-lead and groaned.

And Sim crawled out from his refuge, and smiled a smile of calm contentment as he gazed on the battered forms of his comrades.

Before they could give adequate expression to their feelings, there came a shout from the pilot-house.

"Ahoy there on the forward deck!"

"Ay, ay," screamed all three, leaping up.

"Heave the lead, and jump lively now!"

At this summons the Mystic Three looked at one another helplessly for a minute.

And then another cry from the pilot-house spurred them into instant action.

"Heave the lead, dern your stupid picters, or I'll plug you with a chunk o' lead!"

And the muzzle of an enormous revolver was protruded from the pilot-house window.

The Devastators hesitated no longer.

"He says heave the lead," remarked Sim.

"Yes, and he means it," said Hack, looking nervously at the threatening revolver.

"He must be crazy, throwing it away like that."

"What's that to us? It's his lead, ain't it?"

"Then let's heave it, messmates," cried Gid; "all together, now!"

And they began to throw the pig-lead overboard at a rate that threatened to relieve the *Cherokee Warrior* of a large part of her cargo in short order.

Just as Captain Strothers, who had been examining the barometer until he looked like a comet on a spree, made his appearance on the forward deck.

And instantly uttered a wild howl of mingled rage and despair, and plunged upon the luckless trio.

For the pig-lead was a little private speculation of his own, from which he hoped to realize huge profits.

Which prospective profits he now saw vanishing beneath the muddy waters of the Missouri at the rate of about seventeen dollars a minute.

There was a brief period during which the air was filled with wild objurgations, howls of pain and the sound of rapidly falling blows.

When the dun war-cloud passed away, something had happened.

And it had happened principally to the Mystic Three.

Making it a pressing necessity for them to remain in complete retirement for at least three days.

[To be continued.]

"The Mystic Three" was commenced in No. 677.

THE QUEEN AND THE GYPSES.

ONE bitter wintry day, when the snow was lying thick all over Windsor Park, a gypsy family were crossing it when they pitched their tent, in which afterward two little gypsy babies were born. The park-keepers, of course, came up and ordered the tent to be taken off the ground. But the birth of the twins in the snow under her windows reached the ears of her Majesty, who at once sent food and drink and clothing to the wanderers. Amongst the presents were some babies' woolen stockings, knit by her Majesty's own hands, and a pair of blankets which, but a short time before, it is said, had lain on a state bed. Gypsies repeat this anecdote with great pride, and "the socks knitted by the Queen of the Gorgios" are frequently referred to by them when they speak of deeds of thoughtful and timely charity.

Look out for our new story, "TRACKED BY A PIRATE."

Rob Rollalong, the Runaway.

By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG,

AUTHOR OF THE "JACK HARKAWAY" AND "DICK LIGHT-HEART" STORIES, ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

(Continued from page 385.)

THE king was a short, stout, good-natured looking individual, who had learnt a little French and English from Bourgain.

He was about forty years old, very fond of the wine the Frenchman made, though he did not care for his tobacco. When Bourgain was wrecked, the king was a polygamist, but Bourgain taught him to have only one wife, though he acted in a very short, sharp, and decisive manner with regard to the remaining nineteen, the full complement of his harem having been twenty.

The arguments of Bourgain in favor of one-wifeism having convinced the savage monarch, he made up his mind which he liked best, kept her, and had the heads of the others cut off before he sat down to his sumptuous dinner.

Kalimuckra was clever and sharp, naturally of a genial disposition, and never tired of hearing Bourgain tell of the wonders of western civilization.

Telegraphs, railroads, and the like, seemed to him like a fairy dream, and the poor benighted savage sometimes shed tears because he had not been born in Europe or America.

He wore his hair long, and had it ornamented with half a dozen humming-birds, such as ladies put in their hats.

His clothes were chiefly sunshine and a smile, with the traditional fig-leaf thrown in.

Over his royal head a native held an umbrella, ingeniously constructed of palm-leaves.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, as he entered the house, and the drums stopped playing, and the soldiers sat down under the shade-trees, "I hear you get de comic people, your own race and color. See

THE EMPEROR AND HIS THREE SONS.—"TWANKY OOOD PERSPIRED AS HE LOOKED ROUND AND DISCOVERED THE GHASTLY COUNTENANCE OF THE ASTROLOGER UPON THE TABLE BEFORE HIM."—SEE PAGE 395.

railroads, telegraphs, ride in street-cars and live in hotel, hey?"

"Yes, your majesty," replied Bourgain. "Let me introduce them. Messieurs Vangs, Johnson and Tude Stoole, learned professor of ze mu-hrooms."

"That's so, my festive fungus!" exclaimed the professor.

"Well, what you think of me?" asked the king.

"You're a bully barbarian," replied Vangs.

"H'm! that good talk? *Je ne comprends pas* all the things you say."

"It's American for you're a wonderful king," exclaimed Bourgain. "*Vous êtes le grand monarque. Vous savez?*"

"*Oui—oui.* Our friends are welcome to my country. Where they come from?"

"We were wrecked on our way to China," said Vangs.

"Any more of you?"

"Yes; on another island."

"Why you leave, ha? *Pourquoi avez-vous quitté*, ha?"

This was a shrewd question on the part of his majesty.

"Well, we couldn't hitch teams," replied Vangs.

"They are well fixed, got all the ship's stores, nice house to live in, beds, blankets, plenty of arms and ammunition, and they kicked us out."

"You want to kick them out, ha?"

"We had a try at it, but got beat. Now, if your majesty is a true friend to us you'll come over and see that we have our rights."

"How much men? *Combien d'hommes?*" asked the king, in his broken English-French.

"Only three, and two are boys; but there's a gal with them."

"A woman, ha? What they worth? Three, four —no, three; not count gal. Well, I talk to Bourgain, and we see. Give me wine; good man, Bourgain. He make Kalimuckra wine."

"Ever get drunk on it, squire?" asked Johnson.

"What's that say? *Pas de badinage.* Cut off head!" cried the king.

"Oh, you mustn't mind him. He's a fool," said Vangs.

"What's that?"

"A hard case, bad egg, N. G."

Turning to Bourgain the king exclaimed:

"What this talk?"

"They mean that Mr. Johnson is peculiar—says things he don't mean," replied the Frenchman.

"Fool!" exclaimed the king. "*Quelle bêtise!* Cut off head!"

"Here, I say, governor, draw it mild," replied Johnson, who had paid a little too much attention to the wine. "My head's my own, and if you say much now, I'll have to talk United States to you."

Vangs winked at Bourgain, and pointed to the bottle.

The Frenchman took the hint and removed it.

"None of these shenanniganz, thank you," said Johnson. "Put that bottle back."

The king carried a stick in his hand, and raising it, he struck Johnson a blow which stretched him senseless on the ground.

"Settle him! Bad mans. Talk too much," he remarked, quietly.

Vangs was alarmed for his own safety.

"I hope your majesty won't think any the worse of us because our companion has made a fool of himself. He has drank a little too much," he hastened to say.

"Have more sense when he wake up. *Sacré coquin!* Broken head good for him. You have no fear."

Soon afterward the king took his leave, giving Vangs and the professor an invitation to visit him in the series of mud huts which he was pleased to call his palace. When he was gone, *petit* Bourgain burst out laughing.

"Kalimuckra pretty good fellow," he remarked, "but he stand no nonsense. I knew your friend Johnson would catch if he did not his tongue restrain. *Dites donc mes amis*, you must not talk too much with his majesty."

"So I see. He's one of the old-fashioned sort of kings," replied Vangs.

It was some time before Johnson recovered from the effects of his knock-down blow, and when he did he was not in the best temper.

"This country has got to become a republic," he exclaimed. "When kings knock free citizens on the head it's time to kick."

"Did it not serve you right?" asked Bourgain.

"You are my guest, and you disgrace me because you are a rowdy."

"Never mind, old boy. King Kalimuckra, or whatever he calls himself, will have to look out for squalls, and keep his weather-eye open."

"Ah, you are an ingraitful fool! *Je perds ma patience*, will you!"

Johnson went out, bathed his head, and tied it up with his handkerchief, after which he went to sleep, an example which his companions soon followed, as they were exhausted with the events of the day.

On the ensuing morning they were conducted by Bourgain to the king's palace, and had a lengthened interview with his majesty.

Vangs artfully described and exaggerated the value of the stores in the castle, and made the most lavish descriptions of obtaining them for himself.

It was Vangs's object to get Kalimuckra to go on the war-path, kill Rob and his friends, and obtain possession of Hattie.

The king might have the stores if Vangs could get Hattie, whom he loved more than ever, now there was a chance of his having lost her for ever.

After much talk, the king decided to fit out an expedition of a hundred warriors, to sail on the first fine day in a fleet of ten canoes, in order to attack the castle.

The king in person would lead his men, and Bourgain, Vangs, Johnson, and the professor would follow him to the attack.

He was made to understand that the whites were armed with death-dealing rifles, but he had every confidence in the bows and arrows of his savages, who, by long practice, had learnt to fire with great precision.

The wind was contrary for fully a week, at the expiration of which time the expedition started.

Those who had been selected were the king's bodyguard—fine, tall fellows, armed with bow, arrows, and wooden swords, while some had spears.

Vangs, Johnson, and the professor, not knowing how to use bows and arrows, carried sharp wooden swords; and their plan of attack was to send fifty archers up to the castle, under Bourgain's command, while they and the king should light up in the rear with the remaining half hundred.

There was no opposition to their landing.

They marched up the hill to the castle, and halted at a thousand yards from the stump of green trees which surrounded it.

"*En avant—advance, mes enfants!*" cried Bourgain, valiantly, after addressing a few words to them in their own language.

The savages, with drawn bows and an arrow on the string, rushed toward the castle.

Presently, a figure was seen for a moment at the door; it disappeared, but the next moment the advance of the savages was checked.

They saw three flashes of fire, they heard three sharp, quick reports, and three of their number fell.

A flight of arrows was sent against the castle.

No one, however, appeared to offer himself as a target for the archers, who seemed to be fighting against an invisible enemy.

The fact being that Rob, who was on duty, had given the alarm, and he and his friends had retired under shelter to deliver their fire, which they did with a success that was perfectly amazing to the cannibals.

Flight after flight of arrows flew toward the castle, but still the leaden messengers of death came to the cannibals, who, in ten minutes, lost half their number.

A panic seized them, and all the efforts of the brave Bourgain, who gallantly exposed his life, were fruitless to rally them.

They broke and fled.

Seeing this and becoming alarmed for his own safety if the stampede was not checked, King Kalimuckra rushed forward in person at the head of the reserve, with Vangs, Johnson and the professor.

Several fell during the charge, but nothing could stop the impetuosity of the king, who dashed right up to the castle.

The defenders retreated, and Vangs shouted:

"Follow them up! The castle is ours!"

He was a little behind the storming party, as, owing to his lameness, he could not get along so fast on his crutches as the others, who had no physical ailments to impede their progress.

The professor was in advance, and he showed the king the entrance to the castle; but he paid for this with his life.

A bullet struck him in the lungs, and he fell to the ground, weltering in his gore.

On pressed the king and his party, Johnson being by his side, and when they entered the house all they saw was a girl with a loaded revolver.

Where were the men?

Bourgain's aim was lost, and acting under a painful misconception, had fled through the trap-door in the roof, to seek refuge in the cave.

The doctor was wounded with an arrow, and Rob had taken charge of him.

Kedge had kept the savages at bay until they came close up, when he, too, retreated, thinking Hattie had gone on before with the other two.

The brave girl had been loading pistols in the storeroom, and did not know she was alone until she found herself face to face with the savages.

"Ha!" cried Johnson, "here's the best prize of all."

He pointed to Hattie, who exclaimed:

"Back, or I fire!" and punished a forward movement of the Englishman's by shooting him through the head. He fell at her feet, with a groan.

Thereupon Hattie more hazards in the pistol, which she emptied, killing three savages, when half a dozen rushed upon and disarmed her.

Bourgain!" cried the king. "Where's mon *petit*? Come here."

"*Dis donc!*" replied a voice. "*Je suis tout près.* Here I am. What is your majesty's pleasure?"

"Take care of this girl. *Gardez la bien*," I want a white wife. She shall be mine. If you lose her, I will have your head—*couper la tête*? Ha!"

Bourgain did understand, and knowing very well that his royal master was not to be trifled with, he determined to keep a steady eye on Hattie.

But with the innate politeness of a Frenchman, he avoided any show of rashness.

"Sit down wis me, mademoiselle. No harm shall come you. I will take care zat your position is respected," he said.

"Will you protect me from these men?" she asked.

"*Mais, oui.* I am Frenchman, and ve are always the true friend of ze ladies. You have too much beauty for any one to insult you, miss."

He conducted her to a chair in a quiet corner of the room, and took a seat by her side, determined not to leave her for a moment.

"Is it not dreadful that my friends and myself cannot be left to dwell in peace in our pretty little island home?" she said, the tears rushing again to her eyes.

"Yaes," answered Bourgain; "var is bad. I have been *naufragé*—what you say wreck—five years among ze savages, and I have seen much fighting."

"Why did you come to attack us?"

"I was drive away some of your party—Monsieur Vangs, the professor, and Monsieur Johnson."

"We had reason to."

"Were zey bad mens, hey?"

"Yes, indeed. We could have nothing to do with them, and turned them out; but we ought not to have been so merciful," said Hattie, bitterly. "If we had killed them we should not be in the strait we are now."

"Where are your friends?"

"Gone away to hide. One is wounded."

"Why zey hide for you, miss?"

"It was a mistake. I suppose they thought I was already in safety. They told me to go in advance. I did not like to leave them till the last."

"Ah! zat see no trouble."

"If you were a good man you would let me go away," said Hattie.

The Frenchman shook his head.

"It would give me *beaucoup de plaisir. Mais*, non, I cannot do it. Life ees sweet to me, though I live with ze savages; and if I let you go ze king vill cut off my head."

"Is he so severe?"

"Oh, he does as he please. He have no one to account to."

"Well," said Hattie, "I suppose I must submit to my fate. I put my trust in heaven, which always tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. You only do your duty, Monsieur——"

"Bourgain. *On m'appelle le petit Bourgain.*"

"I thank you, Monsieur Bourgain. Try and make my captivity as agreeable as you can to me."

"I vill do zat vit all ze pleasure zat zere is confained in zis world."

While they were talking the king had turned all the savages out of the castle, and, with Vangs, made an examination of the stores, with which he was as delighted as a child.

He sent his whole army to the castle for a day or two, and let his men carry away the stores to his own island, which was called Batraria.

Meanwhile the dead bodies had been collected.

Chief among the dead were Jack Johnson, the unfortunate fellow never having spoken a word since Hattie had fired the fatal bullet into his brain.

By his side was the professor, who had also received his death-wound.

For three days the king and his troops staid on their island, during which time parties of men were engaged in removing all articles of value from the castle to the boats, and then conveying them to the island of Batraria, where they were stored in the king's palace.

The bodies of the slain were thrown into the sea, and allowed to drift out with the tide, and Vangs had not the decency or the humanity to dig a grave, or have one dug, to contain the bodies of his late unfortunate friends and companions, Johnson and the professor.

Never more would the volatile Englishman insult anyone, nor would the genial professor again sell anybody a festive fungus or a miserable mushroom.

During the king's sojourn on the island Vangs did not relax his efforts to find Rob Rollalong; he even discovered the cave, the locality of which he had for a time forgotten, and it was empty, which showed that they had concealed themselves in another hiding-place, which was beyond his reach.

At the end of the third day, everything of worth having been taken away from the castle, the king, who had been enjoying a good time, went home, taking Hattie with him.

She had treated the king and Vangs with distant politeness, but with Bourgain she had made a fast friendship.

The little Frenchman was so kind, so nice, and genial.

If King Kalimuckra had captured the castle and its contents, the conquest had cost him dear, for he had lost two white men and thirty-six of his best men.

It was not his nature, however, to care much for human life, and the deaths of these unfortunates did not trouble him in the least.

He was as pleased as a child with a new toy, with all the things he had found in the castle.

The king and his party returned to the island and Hattie was given a room in Monsieur Bourgain's house, Vangs being sent away to the royal palace by his majesty's express command.

It was evident that Kalimuckra had a design upon Hattie's heart.

Vangs could not help but see this, and he determined to strike a big blow to keep her for himself.

With this end in view, he consulted with Bourgain; but all the Frenchman would say was that he intended to protect the girl.

Vangs was obliged to be satisfied with this answer, and he waited the course of events.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PLOT AGAINST THE KING.

HATTIE had not been more than a week a resident of the island of Batraria, which owned the benign sway of King Kalimuckra, before the avalanche fell.

The king sent for Bourgain, and told him that he had caused the head of his wife to be cut off, and that he wanted another one.

Bourgain inquired the name of the lady upon whom his majesty had fixed his choice.

"The Americaine girl you have ver zous—the girl in your house," replied the king. "Go and tell her of the grand honor I have done her, and bring her to my palace this evening. You taught me to have only one wife, ha! So I have killed the one I had, and you must see her no more."

"Have no fear," replied Bourgain. "But I am not sure that she will consent."

"Ha! what is this? We must beat her if she dares to say no. Yes, *mon ami*, we will beat her with sticks. She is mine. Go and prepare her mind, and fetch her to me," said the king.

Petit Bourgain knew it was useless to argue the point with the king, who was totally unaccustomed to being contradicted, and always had his own way; so he made no answer, and at once left the palace to go to his own house.

On the way he met Vangs, who, hearing that Kalimuckra had sent for him, came out to hear what the news was, fearing the worst, and hoping that he would be able to make a friend of Bourgain and avert the fate which threatened Hattie.

"The king has sent for Mademoiselle Hattie," cried Bourgain.

"What are you going to do about it?" cried Vangs.

"I don't know. The girl will kill herself, surely. She is *très* proud. *Dis donc*, I shall tell you. We must save her. *Mais comment*—how shall it be done, hey?"

"Kill the king," replied Vangs.

"Who is to do it?"

"I will, if you'll stand by me. You can talk the language of the people—I can't. Tell them the king's dead. Let them eat all his relations and friends, and we'll form a republic, with me as President and you as Vice."

"*Oui, oui*, it might be."

"It shall. Promise them a representative chamber, a reduction of taxes, cheap bread, a commercial treaty with other ports, and anything then anything and everything you can think of."

"Just as ze politicians do before an election. I know—*Je le sais bien*," replied Bourgain, nodding his head. "I have been candidate in Paris. Tell all to lies you think of, hey?"

"I'll leave that to you. If you have ever been a politician, you will want no teaching," answered Vangs.

"Go to ze palace," said Bourgain. "Ask to see ze king. Shoot him so"—he placed his hand on his heart—"make no mistake, or it is all up with us—we are *perdus*—yaes, sir."

"And what will you do?"

"I will get the drum-beaters together in the great square—*se place royale*—outside the palace, and when I hear your shot, I *quand vous entendrez le coup*, I will call ze people together by beat of drum, and you shall cry, '*Sic semper tyrannis!*'—So it is always to ze tyrants—and ve vill inaugurate the Republic of Batraria."

"I'll do it," said Vangs. "But don't you sell me, I'm in your power, have to go slowly about things, and if you go back on me, I shall be gone up higher than a kite."

"No fear," said *petit* Bourgain. "I am a man of my word. When I say a thing, it is *parole d'honneur*. Yaes, sir; you do your part, and I will fix ze remainder vis ze people. Bah! what is ze people? Nothing more than a flock of sheep—*rien du tout, du tout.*"

"Good enough! I think we understand each other."

"Just for love for Miss Hattie. She is like a dear daughter to me. *Dis donc*, mon *ami!* Ven I see that dear child, she reminds me of my little Rosini at home. Ah, *ma bien aimée!*"

"If you betray me, Bourgain, I'll get square with you if I have to come from my grave and haunt you."

"Holy Virgin! what a mind the man must have! He is always suspecting somebody."

"Act fairly, and we shall be good friends—that is all about it. Come to your house. I want a cup of wine to get my courage up to the point."

"*Venez donc boire un verre avec moi, mon brave*," replied Bourgain.

They walked to the Frenchman's residence, where they found Hattie, who was trying to learn the names of things from the housekeeper, as a beginning to picking up the language of the islanders; but it was slow and difficult work.

"Chair," exclaimed Hattie, pointing to a three-legged stool.

"*Ta-ouai*," replied the old woman.

"Sit down like this," said Hattie, suiting the action to the word.

"*Ah! Pitchun noon ta-trac.*"

As the Frenchman entered at this moment, it was a happy thought of Hattie to present him with a chair, and say:

"*Pitchun noon ta-trac.*"

"Ah, my little one," he cried, "you are learning to talk Batrarian language already, hey! How quick you are!"

Hattie knew that he had been to the palace, and from the expression of his face she saw that something grave had happened.

"What is it, sir?" she asked. "Is the king angry with you?"

"No, but he will be soon—*bientôt.*"

"On my account? Oh, what a trouble I am to everybody! I wish I was dead, I do."

"Non, non, you must not wish anything so bad as that. God is good and kind. We do not know why things happen us, but it is all for our benefit, after all—yaes."

"What is this new trouble now, sir?"

"The king wants you for a wife, and I am to bring you up to the palace at once. It you refuse to go, you are to be whipped—*fouetter grassement*, and if I say a word I am to lose my head."

"But you will not give me up?" cried Hattie, seizing his hand, which she bathed with her tears, while she looked in his face, imploringly.

"*Non*; I am a man of my word. You have my *parole d'honneur*. Zat is all you want."

Vangs had been standing outside on his crutches, but he now entered the apartment.

"It's all fixed, Hattie," said he. "Bourgain and I are going to save you."

She regarded him suspiciously.

"You are not my friend," she replied. "My only friend is Monsieur Bourgain. If you save me you do it from selfish motives. You want me for yourself, and I would as soon be the bride of the savage king as yours."

Vangs gnashed his teeth with rage, but he turned away to dissemble his anger, and drank a deep draught of the light wine the Frenchman made so well.

Vangs did not care to enter into an argument just then with Hattie, whom he hoped to be able to subdue by kindness in the course of time, for she had loved him once, and if he could only awaken the old feeling he could win her back again.

Beckoning to *petit* Bourgain, he led the way out of the house, and was joined by the Frenchman outside.

"Ze girl," says Bourgain, "does not care for you much. She say ze rude things. *Elle a beaucoup de haine pour vous.*"

"Hates me like steam. I know she does; but she didn't always. Girls of that age don't know their own minds—that's what's the matter. I don't care for her insolence."

"Not care?"

"No. If it had been a man I'd have booted him out of the ranch, sure pop. I'm an American, and, if I am a cripple, I don't stand any foolishness. Let the old bird scream; we're there when we're wanted."

"King Kalimuckra find that out."

"I'll bet you."

"Sorry for king," exclaimed Bourgain, whose conscience reproached him a little for the part he was playing in the approaching assassination. "But, after all, he would kill me if I was not just as a leetle dog to him."

"Oh," said Vangs, "kings are all frauds. What is this fellow? Nothing but a twopenny savage. Republics are the things to elevate people."

"I am a strong Republican—*l'état toujours. Mais taisez-vous*—hold ze noise. We are *tout près* to ze palais."

Vangs said no more. He felt in his pocket for his pistol, which he had taken from the store-room of the castle after its capture, satisfied himself it was there, and, leaving Bourgain outside in the large square, passed the guard at the palace-gate, and entered.

Two days, as we have said, was a collection of mud-huts, more or less extensive, covering over two acres of ground. Between the huts shade-trees were planted, and underneath these his dusky majesty would recline.

As Vangs advanced he saw the royal group under a spreading shade-tree.

There was King Kalimuckra, lying on his back upon a bed of soft rushes and scented grass. On one side was the cup-bearer, close by the tanners and the story-teller and the fruit-giver.

The story-teller saw Vangs, and called his majesty's attention to him.

"Ha!" cried Kalimuckra. "It is the white man. Give him wine. Let him sit down. *Allons vite.*"

The savage was polite, and even friendly; the white man sent and treacherous, as he has always been in his dealings with barbarians.

Vangs held out his hand as if to shake that of the king, but in his coat-sleeve was concealed his pistol.

"Where's girl—why not bring girl?" said the king. "*Je désire voir la fille.*"

"I'll give you all the girl you'll ever want, my hearty," answered Vangs.

Drawing his pistol with the rapidity of lightning, he fired at the recumbent monarch, who uttered a cry and staggered to his feet, faint and dazy, but not mortally wounded.

Again Vangs fired, and this time the king fell on his knees, clutching the ground.

At the first discharge the attendants had fled, scattering themselves to the four winds of heaven. The tanners went one way, the story-teller another, the cup-bearer and fruit-giver failing over each other in their eagerness to escape.

"So you want some more, do you?" asked Vangs, steadying himself on his crutch and firing again. "I never did see such an unreasonable man in my life. Why don't you die easy and respectable-like, instead of making such a muss over a simple operation we all must come to?"

Kalimuckra flattened out, gave an expiring groan, kicked a little, opened and shut his hands, kicked once more, and died with three bullets in him.

A loud shout in the yard outside the palace showed that Bourgain had heard the signal, and was

improving the occasion to excite the populace. The drums were beating wildly.

Now and then the voice of the fiery little Frenchman was heard above the tumult.

"I'll excite them!" exclaimed Vanga, as a ferocious idea came into his head.

Drawing his knife, he deliberately cut off the king's head, and, holding it up, shuffled away with the gory dripping, ghastly trophy.

When he reached the great square or plaza he found Bourgain standing on an overturned handbarrow, haranguing the multitude, whose numbers increased every minute.

They ran from their homes as the news of the king's death spread like wildfire.

King Kalimuckra had neither been liked nor disliked, for he was no better or no worse than his predecessors.

All kings were absolute tyrants—that was all the Batavian savages knew—and it was quite natural for them to kill any of their subjects at will if they chose to do so.

Vanga did not know what Bourgain was saying to the crowd, as he spoke in their dialect; but it was evident that he was producing an effect upon the usually lazy and apathetic savages, whose eager, upturned faces, riveted on the earnest orator, showed that he was preaching a new departure to them, and sounding a note in their hearts to which they had never before been responsive.

The crowd made room for Vanga, who handed the king's head to Bourgain, who held it up.

Its effect upon the throng was remarkable.

They saw that King Kalimuckra's power was over, and they became perfectly crazy.

Scores of them rushed to the palace, from whence loud cries soon issued.

The popular frenzy was venting itself upon all connected with the royal victim.

By his former wives he had several children, who were all mercilessly killed.

His wife shared the same fate, and then they set fire to the mud huts, after pillaging them of everything valuable.

Such is the conduct of unrestrained mobs, as a rule, over the word, under similar circumstances.

First comes murder, then pillage, thirdly, fire.

They were like tigers who have tasted blood, and Bourgain trembled at having let them loose.

It was in vain that he tried to check them. Law and order were at an end. It is true that Kalimuckra had governed by an iron hand, upon which he did not attempt to put a glove, but still he had prevented lawlessness.

Now there was no government. Each man was at liberty to do as he liked. Every man was as good as another. There were no rules, and that many-headed monster, the mob, did as it pleased.

Bourgain was alarmed.

He looked nervously at Vanga as the flames flew into the air and fires broke out in other parts of the city, accompanied by fearful shrieks, showing conclusively that the mob did not intend to confine its violence and robbery to the palace.

King Kalimuckra, like other sovereigns, had enriched relatives and favorites.

These came in for the full attention of the crowd, who went through the city with a firebrand in one hand and a sword in the other.

"What is to be done?" asked Bourgain. "*C'est horrible, mon ami.* What shall we do?"

"Shoot the whole horde," answered Vanga.

"It is impossible to shoot all. There are thousands of them, *pauvre.* What you say? perhaps they come kill us."

"We've done a nice thing for ourselves."

"Savages have no sense. *Pour la plupart.*"

"You ought to have thought of that before. You knew them better than me," said Vanga.

"It was your fault."

"Don't bully me," cried Vanga, "or I'll mash you with my crutch! I'm President of this Republic!"

"Rule your people. Let us see what you can do, *mon brute.*"

"I'll let them know before long. To-night I'll claim my bride."

"Who?"

"Hattie—Hattie Elliott, you fool. She's mine. We've been married once. You didn't suppose I struck up this racket for you! Ha, ha. I had an object, and that was to get my way with Hattie."

"I have promised to protect the girl, and you shall not meddle with her. *Sur ma foi!*"

"Who says so?"

"I do. Me. *Petit* Bourgain."

The Frenchman slapped his breast in a decided manner, but Vanga cut his pugnacious action short by raising his crutch and knocking him off his pedestal. Petit Bourgain rolled on the ground, picking himself up purple with passion, and trembling with rage.

"Ho, ha!" he cried. "You hit me. How dare you strike me like ze dog? *Je sous souhaite le bonjour!*"

"I wish you good-by, Nevare will I forgive so great an insult as dis! Nevare, nevare!"

Vanga saw that he had gone a little too far, and was anxious to calm his excitable little friend.

This, however, was no easy task.

"What is the matter with you? Can't you take a joke?" he asked.

"Take ten thousand joke, but put up with no insults. Nevare!"

"Come, don't be a fool. I thought I was president, and could do as I liked."

"Ha! a pretty president you'd make," laughed Bourgain. "You cannot say one word of ze language of zese savages. Now they have no King, and no one to rule them, they will eat man again, and begin via you."

Vanga shuddered at this prospect.

"Don't say that, monsieur," he said. "Pardon my rudeness. I did not mean it."

"Ah, yase; all ver fine! I am not one *scare* fool."

"Don't bear malice."

"We separate. I do nothing more for you. Ze worth is so much for you as for me. I go. You have insulted me, *petit* Bourgain, and I never forget or forgive. Nevare—nevare!"

"Can't you overlook it this once? It shan't occur again."

"It has occur once too often. Yase, by gar!"

"You won't leave me alone with the savages—eh, Bourgain?"

"You are as President of Batravia. Ha, ha! Ver nice position. Hope you enjoy it."

"I'll give you money if you'll not go back on me. See! I have it in my pocket."

"Bah! what use is money? Here zey have no trade—only zee shells for purpose of barter, or exchange things. Keep your money. I go!"

With this Bourgain, who would hear no more, walked indignantly away in a rapid manner, rubbing his head at intervals, for the crutch had made him bleed, and though Vanga tried to go after and catch him, he could not succeed.

"The deuce!" cried Vanga. "This is a nice fix to be in! I wish I hadn't killed the king now; he was not a bad sort of old buck, and these subjects of his have run wild. What am I to do without Bourgain? I was a fool to hit him; but I didn't think he had such a fiery temper. It wouldn't be so bad if I could talk the cannibal language. Wonder if Bourgain will come round when his temper cools? I'll bet on it. He must make friends. Hasn't he got to live here as well as me? I'll loaf about for an hour or two, see what's going on, and if the natives come any of their shenanigans with me, I've got three more shots in my revolver, and a box of cartridges."

With these reflections, Vanga hobbled along on his crutches, witnessing everywhere scenes of pillage and destruction.

Some one had picked up King Kalimuckra's head, which Vanga had let fall in the dust, and, sticking it on a pole, marched at the head of a procession of roughs through the city, his progress everywhere being greeted with yells and groans.

The natives placed their hands on their heads when they passed Vanga, in token of friendship and gratitude, if not obedience, which seemed to indicate that the news had spread far and wide, and that all were thoroughly posted, knowing that he was their deliverer.

This was gratifying, as far as it went; but who could tell what to-morrow might bring forth?

To-day was the hero of the hour, though the fickleness of mobs is proverbial—so much so that the idol of to-day is hated the next, and dashed from its lofty pedestal, never to rise again.

[To be continued.]

"Rob Rollicking" was commenced in No. 675.

Look out for our new story, "TRACKED BY A PIRATE."

THE EMPEROR AND HIS THREE SONS.

TWANKY, many centuries ago, ruled the destinies of the Chinese empire, which cost him very little trouble to govern to the entire satisfaction of his subjects.

But though a powerful monarch he was by no means a happy one, the wayward course of his three sons, Ta-te, Ki-ki, and Ko-ku, casting a shadow over the sunshine of his life.

One day after a banquet, in which the mighty Twanky had indulged beyond the bounds of prudence, a sudden drowsiness fell upon him, and he sank into a troubled slumber.

Souchong, his prime minister, who had watched for some time the agitation of the sleeper, more than once approached him; but the fear of the bowstring being before his eyes caused him to think *twice* before he aroused the slumbering emperor.

That fear was to pass away, for a melodious twang of his own nose shook off the apparent lethargy of Twanky, and he snored himself on to his illustrious throne.

"Call in Tao," said he; "he shall expound the dream I've had."

And straightaway the first astrologer of the court put in an appearance.

"Or what I didst thou dream, dread sire?" were his first words.

"I dreamed of a pie, and also cats and mice," said the emperor.

"I see, the mice did eat the pie and the cats did eat the mice," said Tao.

"Your penetration is serious slow," thundered Twanky; then he continued in a milder tone: "I imagined myself in this vision seated at a table, and on it was placed an enormous pie. It's savory odors tempted me to eat. As I plunged my knife into the delicious pie three hungry cats leaped forward and began to devour the contents before my face. While attempting to wrest the dainty from those insolent invaders I noticed that a white mouse had suddenly become visible, and then the three cats flew from the pie after their new prey.

"You were a little astonished, I presume, your sublime highness, at what you had witnessed?" said the astrologer.

"No," he replied; "I fell into a reverie, and began to ponder on the mystery, when a clock striking 12 counted. What thinkest thou I counted, sapient Souchong?"

"Twelve."

"No."

"Thirteen, perchance."

"No; the number I counted was three hundred and sixty-five. Now, tell me, oh, learned magician, what I am to understand by the pie, and the cats and mice?"

"Three hundred three score and five are the number of days in the year."

"Ah! a brilliant interpretation. I never thought of that."

"By the pie," resumed the astrologer, "I understand your meaning to be that the three cats are intended to typify your three sons, who would share among them the vast territory over which the puissant Twanky holds sway."

"But," he asked, "what means the white mouse?"

"The white mouse," replied the astrologer, "represents a fair princess, for whose hand all strive. The hours you heard strike," he then added, "are the number of days you have to live unless one of your sons should marry within that interval."

"Then we must set about it at once," said the alarmed Twanky.

And, turning to his prime minister, he desired him to consult his scroll in order to see if there was a princess in the country wanting a husband.

Souchong did as he was commanded, and, after glancing his eyes over the vellum scroll, exclaimed:

"Sire, I perceive that in the Island of Chess there is the unengaged daughter of a king, but as she is old and ugly, I fear me there will be no match in that quarter."

"Are there no others?"

"Yes, your highness; in the kingdom of Cards there are two princesses who would no doubt *suit*, but—"

"But what?"

"They are to be married this evening."

"I see, I see," sighed the now miserable Twanky. "Fate conspires against me; but I will defy Fate, and my three poor boys shall travel in quest of wives."

While the father was speaking the sons advanced, and he addressed them on that ticklish point, whether they had yet made up their minds on the subject of matrimony.

To his surprise Twanky received a "No" in answer; and on inquiring the cause, the princes, one and all, intimated that Souchong, to whom their education had been intrusted, had instilled in their hearts a sovereign contempt for love. Twanky was, as may be expected, enraged at the result.

He called upon his guards, who had orders to give the unfortunate prime minister three hundred lashes with the bastinado.

Before these orders could be obeyed, a loud laugh burst from the lips of the astrologer.

Had a thunderbolt fallen at the feet of Twanky it could not have caused him greater astonishment.

Instead of offering any apology, the astrologer again burst into a loud volley of merriment.

This was too much for endurance, and Twanky, bidding his guards release Souchong, commanded them to behead the astrologer in the courtyard.

Tao was no sooner shorter by a head when his executioners heard, to their horror, his voice in the neighboring palace; and Twanky stood petrified, as he looked round and discovered the ghastly countenance of the astrologer upon the table before him.

Before the emperor could recover himself the head uttered another scornful laugh and the word "Defiance!"

It was in vain to think of further punishment, and, subduing his wrath as well as he could, Twanky addressed the grim head before him:

"Why haunt me with thy presence?" he asked.

"Twanky," replied the head, "I see thy remorse, and will be thy friend. Whenever thou requirest assistance, only cry 'Head, you're wanted,' and I'll be at thy illustrious side. Revenge not being the feeling that actuates Tao, say, wilt thou follow his directions?"

"I will, great superhuman head."

"Thy sons—the Prince Ta-te, Ki-ki, and Ko-ku, must immediately quit thy palace by different routes, and visit different courts."

"And wherefore?"

"That they may meet with maidens who will subdue their stubborn hearts."

As the head left off speaking, Oolong, a Chinese sorcerer, made his appearance, and by the head's order presented to the three young princes a golden jeweled teacup.

He made them drink, and no sooner had the youths tasted the generous liquid than a new feeling entered their hearts.

They fell in love in an instant, and only panted to be dispatched on their several missions.

"Head, you're wanted!" shouted Twanky. "I desire that the object of my hopes appear."

In an instant a splendid cavalcade approached, and presently afterward a beautiful princess.

She was borne in on a gorgeous car, in which she had traveled from a distant region in Turkey, of which her father was the sovereign.

"Your name, beautiful unknown?" asked Twanky, deigning to assist her out of the palanquin.

"My name is 'Lulu,'" she replied.

"Your country?"

"Three million miles beyond the sun."

"Then it must be in the comet," thought the Prince Ta-te.

"What a tale!" ejaculated the Prince Ki-ki.

"How charming!" sighed his brother Ko-ku.

"Father, give her to me!" cried his sons, all together.

"That's an absurd proposition," cried the Prince Ta-te.

"You," rejoined the Prince Ki-ki, "for we are born of three different mothers, and——"

"We all saw the light on the same day, the same hour, and the same moment," added the Prince Ko-ku.

"Head, you're wanted!" shouted Twanky.

"Let the princes travel," was the head's advice, "and let that brings back the most wonderful curiosity shall obtain the royal maiden's hand."

"Mighty head!" implored Twanky; "promise that they shall return in three hundred and sixty-four days and I consent."

"I promise. Let them set forth at once."

While the head issued this order a balloon was seen to descend and fix itself between Ko-ku. Ta-te was observed to step into a steam-carriage, and Ki-ki to embark on board a steamboat.

Ta-te, pursuing his rapid course by express, found himself by night many thousand miles away from home, and in an undiscovered territory.

It was dark, and he didn't know exactly where he was; but a milestone on which was inscribed, "One mile to Domino," convinced him that he was on the frontier of the kingdom of that name.

On arriving at the capital, Ta-te observed a number of persons approaching, and as they forms presented the appearance of a set of dominoes.

The chief of them no sooner cast eyes on the prince than he challenged him to engage in a game with their queen, the prize for which was to be a magic telescope that had the power of bringing objects millions of miles distant within the ken of its possessor.

Ta-te, nothing loath, accepted the challenge at once.

But he little knew that unless he conquered the queen he would not only lose the prize for which he was about to play, but would also be immediately transformed into a domino.

Ta-te, on being introduced to the queen, was received with the utmost courtesy, and the object of his visit being explained, preliminaries were arranged.

Those persons who represented the various kind of dominoes were placed indiscriminately, and the prince having chosen half their number, the others were accepted by his opponent as her share.

"Double-six, stand forward," said the queen, commencing the game.

Ta-te followed the move with the order "Six-four, station yourself by the side of the previous man."

Double-four next took his stand in the proper place, and so on, till only one man remained to each player.

"You have lost," said the queen, placing her last domino on the board; "Ace blank."

"No, I win," said the prince. "Double blank."

No sooner was the result made known than Ta-te seized upon the magic telescope and contrived to make his escape.

Having seated himself once more in his locomotive, he set off with high pressure speed in search of his two brothers.

Leaving Ta-te for the present, our history requires that we should follow the fortunes of Ki-ki.

In spite of contrary winds and tempestuous seas his vessel was urged so rapidly on that in a few short hours he found himself riding in the harbor of the Island of Chess—an island supposed to be at the greatest distance from anywhere in the whole universe.

Now, it so fell out that at the moment when Ki-ki arrived there, that its two powerful sovereigns, Tippoo Soldan, of the Ebonies, and Elephanto, Sultan of the Ivories, were engaged in a violent conflict as to the rightful possession of a certain flying fish, and their armies were drawn up on an immense plain, which was divided into squares like a chess-board.

The queens of the combatants had thrown themselves between their husbands, and their gallantry consented to a truce.

But the bone of contention was yet strongly coveted by both parties, and as one was unwilling to yield to the other there seemed little chance of its amicable arrangement of the "flying-fish" affair.

"For my own part," said Elephanto, "I am fully resolved, be the consequences what they may, not to give up my claim."

"Neither will I," echoed the fierce Tippoo. "While I have valiant knights, bishops and pawns, I will never cede my right."

"To me this fish belongeth," returned Elephanto.

"It was a present sent by Charon, who caught it in the river Styx. I'm his heir, and——"

"Only apparently so, then," interrupted the Ebon monarch, who, with no little show of wrath, continued: "My soul shall endure no more. Warriors, to arms!"

"Knights and chevaliers, *en avant!*"

These angry words again caused the alarmed queens to intercede and pray that arbitration might still be had recourse to rather than that worst of arguments, physical force.

The contending monarchs both loved their spouses, and agreed to abide by their proposal, which was that the first unbiased and impartial stranger who should visit the Island of Chess might end the question and determine whose the fish should be and whose it should not.

Ki-ki, who had been an eye-witness of all that had passed, now thought it time to step forward, and having intimated to the several parties concerned that as he considered himself their foremost visitor in dignity and place, he thought they could do no better than to submit their cause to his hands.

"He is very young," thought King Tippoo.

"But remarkably well-informed, nevertheless," answered his queen, who had received a slight ogle from the handsome Ki-ki.

"You know the nature of the case?"

"Perfectly; therefore I propose your majesties divide the fish into two parts, and each monarch take an equal share."

"To divide the fish would be to deprive it of its magic power."

"Oh, it's a magic fish, is it?"

"Then the object of litigation," resumed Ki-ki, "must be placed before the eyes of the judge."

"Certainly," responded Tippoo. "Fish, come into court."

The fish answered to the summons, and on being duly sworn, entered the witness-box.

"By way of evidence I must ask," said Ki-ki, "what is the superhuman faculty of this creature?"

Elephanto returned for answer:

"That of transporting in an instant any person placed upon his back to the remotest distance desired by the party."

The heart of Ki-ki was at once struck with an idea that if he could only get the flying-fish for himself it would prove the prize that would gain for him the hand of the Princess Lulu.

Addressing himself to the two kings, he craved permission to relate a story in point.

"Two friends chanced to find an oyster," commenced Ki-ki, "but both being of a stubborn mind, each was bent on holding the prize in his own possession. 'I saw it first,' cried the one, 'and I picked it up,' said the other. The strife thus began and raged till a counselor, by the veriest chance, happened to pass by the disputants, and eying them with a sly look, took the oyster in his hand, opened and swallowed it."

"'The case,' he said, 'was before me, and I have adjudicated thereon. A shell to each I award, and take the fish myself to cover costs.'"

"This, your highnesses," resumed Ki-ki, "was the decision of a lawyer, and I doubt whether I can do better than follow so worthy a precedent."

As the speaker uttered these words he hastened toward the fish, and then vaulting on to its back, soared away through the air.

The assembled crowd of chessmen gazed with stupid astonishment at the prince's rapid flight, and when he was out of sight the two kings, finding themselves outwitted, were pleased to shake hands in a most cordial manner, each consoling himself, no doubt, that the rest of the world, with the reflection that, though disappointed, his opponent could not boast of a triumph.

While the events related in this history were taking place troubles were disturbing the happiness of the four rulers of the Land of Cards.

The Kings of Hearts, Diamonds, Spades and Clubs were united to four fair princesses, but on their marriage-day Snapdragon, a powerful demon, had seized upon the brides.

To add to his baseness, the arch magician had locked them up in one of his strongest fortresses, and had kept the unlucky ladies captive there ever since.

All efforts to release them had been in vain. For why? A decree had been ordained that no one but a foreign prince could liberate the prisoners, and he even must be able to vanquish their cruel keeper in single combat.

While despair was one day seizing the whole of the Court of Cards their attention was attracted by a dark object that was floating in the air, and by its increasing size fast approaching them.

Presently they could distinguish a human figure in it, and recollecting the prediction that a foreign prince would come to release their queens from bondage, the whole Pack of Cards hailed the arrival with something more than delight.

They watched with anxiety the, to them, singular object, and it proved to be the balloon of Prince Ko-ku.

The prince had no sooner touched *terra firma* than he was seized upon by a jolly set of trumps, who took him before their knaves in waiting, who forthwith conducted him to Card Castle, the royal residence, situate on the margin of a peerless pool.

"Sir, you are welcome amidst us," said the King of Hearts, on being formally introduced to Ko-ku, and you can take a hand," he continued, offering, of course, his own.

"Brother, honors must be divided," observed the King of Diamonds, "so if there's no objection I will follow suit."

And suiting his action to his words the jeweled monarch, emulating the generous one, also proffered Ko-ku his good right hand.

"What droll people," thought the prince. "I

shall cut them at once," he cried, preparing to take his departure.

"Pray do no such thing, kind sir," said the King of Diamonds; "I assure you we play no tricks upon travelers."

"No; here you may expect nothing but fair dealing, and our motto is always so shuffling."

Ko-ku, observing that grief was strongly depicted on the face of each court card, naturally asked the cause, and received for answer that they were all subjected to the power of the terrible demon, Snapdragon.

The youthful prince in turn was asked whether he would engage with him who had so long held the queens of the land in thraldom, and on receiving an assurance that he would, it was proposed to give him battle on the first opportunity.

The opportunity soon presented itself, for on the very next day Snapdragon called to leave his card at Card Castle.

Ko-ku confronted the monster on the doorstep, and immediately swords were drawn on both sides.

The conflict was furious in the extreme.

The prince was fast sinking, when his superhuman rival received a scratch on the wrist from his sword.

The hurt was slight, but the blood flowed from Snapdragon like a torrent of water.

He had been wounded in the only vulnerable part of his person.

He reeled—staggered—and fell.

He had no sooner done so than the earth suddenly opened, and before any one could assist the enchanter he had disappeared.

The charm being broken set the captives once more free, and the Queen of Hearts presented Ko-ku with a bouquet. "What may be the property of these flowers?" he asked.

"They possess the miraculous power of restoring the sick to perfect health," replied the queen.

"Wonderful talisman, rest in my bosom," said the young prince, so placing it; "Lulu being the possessor of such a treasure, I may surely hope to outvie my brothers and become the fortunate possessor of thy hand."

Ko-ku was at once permitted to call his carriage, and mounting into the car, shot like an arrow with his balloon into the skies.

It was now the three hundred and sixty-fourth day that had been predicted by the astrologer Tao-See as the limit of Twanky's mortal career.

Already twenty-three out of the twenty-four hours of that fatal day had passed, and no intelligence had as yet reached the father as to the fate of his three sons.

The Princess Lulu, too, had been seized with sickness, and, in fact, was then lying at the point of death.

"How fares the princess?" asked the miserable Twanky, as he entered her chamber.

"The doctors," returned the prime minister, Souchong, "have declared that they cannot cure her."

"Well?"

"As they say she can't live an hour they one and all have retired to the supper-room."

"Thinking of themselves, eh, when a princess's life is in danger? Disloyal quacks. Let the whole College of Surgeons," resumed the wrathful potentate, "be put to death with their own lancets this instant!"

"This is deciding with a vengeance when doctors disagree," meditated Souchong, as he hurried out to fulfill the order.

Twanky paused, mused, and then communed with himself.

"We have only an hour each to live," he said, "and yet my rascally boys don't return to save the life of their father. I hope Lulu," he continued, regarding the princess, "if she has no desire to live for her own sake she might for mine."

While the doleful emperor was speaking a golden clock on the mantelpiece struck eleven.

"Oh, Gemini!" he cried, "the last hour going, and I'm at my last gasp. Oh, Head, Head! you're terribly wanted!"

Obedient to the call, the astrologer's head rose before the eyes of the emperor, and smilingly addressed him in the following words:

"Courage, great monarch; your troubles are at an end."

A shout was heard in the outer hall and the firing of cannon in the courtyard, and before the cause could be ascertained the Princes Ta-te, Ki-ki and Ko-ku had rushed into their father's arms.

"My dear children," he said, embracing them, "you're just in time to save my life—and Lulu's, too. I forgot she has just been given over by the infernal doctors."

The princess passed to her couch as Twanky resumed:

"I'm afraid no power can restore her!"

At this moment, Ko-ku, remembering the bouquet that had been presented to him by the Queen of Hearts, at once fetched it and laid it on the bosom of the unconscious Lulu.

He had scarcely done so when, to the surprise of all, the princess recovered her usual vigor and appeared to be in her usual health and spirits.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Twanky; "the magic perfume has done more for the invalid than all the doctors in the kingdom. My boy," he continued, addressing Ko-ku, "take her; Lulu's yours."

"I beg pardon," remonstrated Ta-te, "she is mine; but for the assistance of my telescope we should never have seen our way home."

"And of what use would have been your telescope or his flowers," argued Ki-ki, "if you hadn't had my flying-fish as a means of conveyance?"

"Zounds! you can't all have the girl! What am I to do? Ah! a thought strikes me," vociferated Twanky. "Head, you're wanted!"

"The princess must make her own choice," said the head, suddenly appearing.

"Then, as I owe my life to Ko-ku," she replied, "on Ko-ku I will bestow my hand."

The brothers at first disputed the point, but recollecting the pledge that they made, eventually congratulated Ko-ku on the happy termination of his suit.

In the midst of the joy that reigned throughout the palace on the marriage-day of the above happy pair, the head of the astrologer was seen to issue through the floor, and presently he himself stood before the astonished Twanky in perfect as he had been before the fatal order was given for his decapitation.

Twanky was highly pleased at the recovery of Tao, and shaking him cordially by the hand, privately informed him that he intended in future to lead a more temperate life, and that he would never award punishment even to the meanest of his subjects without satisfying himself whether they were really culpable or not.

So ends the legend of "The Emperor of China and his Three Sons."

SPORTING IN SOUTHEAST AFRICA.

AFTER getting over the Drakensberg (says an American just returned), we "trekked" for Thaba Bosigo, the mountain residence of Moshesh. Upon arriving there I had to wait two days before he would give me an interview. He, however, made his "indunas" see that I had a hospitable reception in the interval. He has for the use of visitors a well-fitted European-shaped house, and in this he wished me to take up my quarters.

After getting thoroughly re-ted, and impatient of waiting any longer without seeing the chief, I sent in a message demanding an interview. It was graciously granted, and I was forthwith requested to attend at his immense kraal. His curiosity was quite as great as my own, and to gratify both, I accordingly went at once.

Upon our greeting each other Moshesh adopted the European style of shaking hands, the first instance I had seen of a Caffre doing this. For some reason they usually much object to it. He was exceedingly courteous, and begged me to partake of refreshment, which he had prepared after the European fashion.

He had a powerful body-guard, over which he exercised the most absolute power. He is regarded by them as a merciful chief, and is deservedly much beloved.

After a "trek" of about fifty miles we encamped. The Caffres gathered together dry dung, the only fuel obtainable. We then lit about forty fires in a circle, and soon had our kettle boiling. We made some Caffre tea from a plant which is a bitter kind of mint. I was not able to get a wink of sleep all that night, for between eleven and twelve o'clock the lions and hyenas began to make the most hideous noise, melancholy and doleful to a degree that was quite depressing. Our fires were surrounded by these animals at a very short distance, and they kept us company until daybreak, when they disappeared.

The largest lion I ever saw—a most splendid beast—was close to us all night. He appeared so hungry that he would have made very small bones of any one who should have fallen in his way, and a magnificent lioness was with him. After he had been there roaring for some time, another lion appeared. Then ensued the hottest combat I ever witnessed; it was so terrible that there could scarcely be said to be any enjoyment in the spectacle, for we were in imminent danger of our lives should either of them in their fury spring over the fires.

The two brutes fought for the lioness, and the activity of the smaller of the two was something awful. It leapt upon the back of the big one, and both rolled over together, the fore-quarter of the big lion one mass of blood. We decided upon firing assagais at them, keeping three guns in reserve in case of necessity. The pricks of the assagais made them more fierce, and for a few seconds they seemed positively riveted together. We then discharged a volley of musketry at random, which did not seem to take effect. They still fought on, blood running from them as water from a pump.

We loaded again and fired, this time with more precision, for we shot the small one dead. The other stood over his dead foe, defiantly lashing his tail backward and forward, for a considerable time, until at last, being apparently tired of that amusement, and growing weaker from his wounds, he crawled off.

We did not touch the dead one till the morning, as it was not considered prudent to venture outside. At daybreak, however, we skinned the lion with great care, and then went in search of something for our own consumption. We were not long before we succeeded in bringing down a fine gnu for our assagais. The skin was taken off him in a surprisingly short time, and a fine rump-steak was cooked for myself, while my companions preferred having it, "not to put too fine a point on it," rather more under-done.

The lion we had wounded the night before was the next thing to look after. He went toward a large tract of high grass and reeds, and there in the moist earth his footsteps were visible. We now kept a good lookout in case of a surprise, although it is needless to tell you that a Caffre always does that. Several hours elapsed before we came upon his trail.

A peculiar "hee hee" from the foremost Caffre told us that his majesty was in view, resting at some distance off. In another minute all was confusion. Two splendid shots were selected from our warriors in case he should spring upon us.

I did not join in the attack, anxious to watch the performance from the background. I gave up my gun to a fine old Caffre, who begged permis-

SPORTING IN SOUTHEAST AFRICA.—A LION HUNT WITH MOSHESH, A CAFFRE CHIEF.

GEORGE B. HARRIS, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 26, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

sion to have a shot. Before we had proceeded much further a large lioness made her appearance; she stood for a few seconds contemplating her enemies. She was about to retire to the high reeds, but a shower of assagais rendered her furious, and the savage growl caused by pain and anger induced her wounded lord to join her. It does not often fall to the lot of the most fortunate hunter to witness so majestic a sight as this. Even the natives themselves seemed impressed, and a general expression of admiration burst from them.

The lion appeared to be severely injured by the struggle of the previous night; the lioness was bleeding profusely from her fresh wounds, but they appeared quite prepared to fight.

The attachment of the lion and lioness for each other is wonderful; and when the lioness is in cub she is more disposed to fight than the male. The Caffres began to be impatient for the attack, so two active men, who were apparently well versed in these matters, urged the dogs on to drive them out; it was, however, a good hour before the fight commenced, in consequence of the great extent of grass and high reeds. At last we saw the reeds begin to move, and with a fearful roar which made the very ground tremble, and would have caused the boldest heart an uncomfortable spasm or two, the lion sprang into the midst of the dogs. Several were straightway disabled, but the rest stuck to him like leeches.

All was hubbub and confusion; the dogs barked furiously, and the Caffres, with a wild yell, showered a volley of assagais, and I let fly from my rifle two bullets which took effect; he was badly, but not mortally, wounded. The lioness now came up again, and made at us with indomitable fury. Luckily we had had time to reload, and every Caffre was ordered to take good aim, and fire simultaneously. A bullet succeeded in finding her heart, and she rolled over and died without a struggle.

The male could not understand this, and the poor beast made an effort to get up to her, but he had lost so much blood, and the pain had rendered him so nearly *hors de combat*, that he was scarcely able to crawl. His roar was still terrible, but grew weaker and weaker.

The Caffres, with their wonted cruelty, liked to listen to his dying groans, and to see him thus tortured; but I insisted on having him quickly dispatched.

They obeyed my orders, and he died like the king of beasts that he is, faithful and bold to the last.

Distinguished Scholars of Brooklyn (N. Y.) Schools.

GEORGE B. HARRIS,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 26, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

GEORGE B. HARRIS is an intelligent and esteemed pupil of Grammar School No. 26, Brooklyn, N. Y. He is the son of George W. and Mary F. Harris. He was born in Brooklyn, December 10th, 1863, and is, therefore, sixteen years of age. When seven years old he commenced his studies in a public school in New Jersey, and subsequently attended another in the same State. In these schools he passed through the lower branches and most of the grammar grades with success. At length he became a pupil of No. 26, entering the first grammar grade, in which he has now studied for a year. His marks ninety-five per cent. on a close examination, and ranks about the same in all the studies. He is a persevering and worthy boy. His mind moves quick, and he knows how to use knowledge when he has obtained it. His ambition induces him to seek a foremost place, and he is ready to work with the most diligence for such promotion. He has a large head, with an expressive face. His manners are respectful and polite with all. The Principal of the school and the teacher of the class both indorse him as a meritorious pupil, and a fitting example to present to the youth of the whole country.

CHARLES E. HALSTEAD,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 3, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

CHARLES E. HALSTEAD is a boy who is making a high per centage in all the studies of the first class of Grammar School No. 3, Brooklyn, N. Y. He was born June 15th, 1867, making him twelve years old. He is the son Ezekiel and Eliza beth Halstead. He entered the Primary Department of School No. 3 when he was about eight years old, and he has remained in the school up to the present time. Consequently, he is well known in it, and in presenting him to us, the Principal was prepared to give him a high indorsement by reason of this long acquaintance. He spoke of Charles as a boy who was always attentive to his studies and submissive to the rules of the school. It was clearly to be seen that his perfect lessons and clear understanding on all subjects taught in each class were the result of a systematic diligence and intelligent application. Hence, he was a pupil worthy of more than ordinary praise, and fully meeting the standard of a distinguished scholar. He is a small boy, skillful and intelligent-looking. No one likes play better than he, but his lessons are his first thoughts, and the classroom at school is the place of greatest pleasure.

THE schoolboy will gloat for half a day over the enigma in a puzzle column, but when he comes to his regular arithmetic lessons, he considers that he is the most abused boy in the world.

TALKS WITH BOYS ABOUT FOREIGN LANDS.—NAZARETH.

Talks with Boys about Foreign Lands.

NAZARETH.

OF course you have all heard of the Garden of Nazareth, but we think that very few of you have any definite idea of that once flourishing city.

Nazareth, now called Naserah, of which we give an engraving, is situated about sixty-five miles north of Jerusalem. It is built on a gentle declivity, and is a place of some importance. Here Jesus spent his early life with his parents, and here, also, is still pointed out the hill from which the people attempted to precipitate him. After the expulsion of the Europeans from the Holy Land, toward the close of the thirteenth century, Nazareth dwindled into insignificance until, in the year 1620 the Roman Catholics obtained permission of the emir of the Druses to rebuild the Church of the Annunciation, which had become a ruin. From that period the town increased, and soon became one of the most flourishing places in the pashalic. The Church of the Annunciation is said to be the finest in Palestine, save that of the Holy Sepulchre. It is supposed to be built upon the spot where the Virgin Mary received from the angel the annunciation regarding the birth of Christ. On the south side of the town stands another church, believed to occupy the site of the synagogue in which the Saviour taught. Here, too, are pointed out what are purported to be the very house once inhabited by Joseph, and the well from which the mother of Jesus drank.

Like those of most of the other towns in the Holy Land, the streets of Nazareth are narrow and filthy. The situation of the place, however, is pleasing, and the stir of trade in its bazaars gives it the appearance of being possessed of more commercial life than is to be met in most other towns in Palestine. Some of the eminences about it command the most extended and picturesque views. The population is about four thousand, one-fourth of whom are of the Greek Church, the rest being Moslems, Greek Catholics, Latins and Maronites. The women of Nazareth are beautiful, and its inhabitants generally are said to differ from those of other parts of the country in both appearance and speech. At the periodical feasts there is an immense influx of pilgrims, which quickens the pulses of the town and intensifies the devotional sentiments it is so well calculated to inspire.

CHRISTMAS GAMES.

(Continued.)

TRANSPOSITIONS.

A CAPITAL game to sharpen the wits, and one from which amusement for many hours may be extracted. The company sit round a table, and each person is provided with a pencil and a scrap of paper. Each one writes on his or her scrap a name of a city, country, river, mountain, or, if preferred, of some historical personage, transposing the letters so as to make the recognition of the word as difficult as possible, and accompanying it with a few written words of explanation; for instance, if a town is selected, the explanation must give some particulars of situation or circumstance, to set the guesser upon the right track; if a personage, the date at which he flourished and the country which gave him birth ought to be given. Then the papers are folded together and deposited in the middle of the table, and when they have been well mixed, a folded paper is drawn by each player, and those who cannot decipher the transposition which has fallen to their share are condemned to pay a forfeit. When all have been read, the game begins anew. The following transpositions of words may serve as hints to those who wish to introduce this very amusing pastime among their friends:

IIOOTKSPNWA.—A distinguished Polish leader, and member of a royal house. He espoused the cause of the first Napoleon (who had deluded him with promises which were never fulfilled), faithfully followed the fortunes of the Emperor, and perished in a great battle in which Bonaparte was defeated.

IAAIBDGRL.—A distinguished patriot born at Nice, who, after experiencing the sharpest vicissitudes of fortune that ever fell to the lot of a human being, succeeded in accomplishing the great aim in pursuit of which he had labored and suffered gloriously for many years, and who increased his glory by refusing to accept any reward for his invaluable service.

TMNDOIAL.—An emperor of Rome; very cruel and vindictive, suspicious and cowardly. He is said to have amused his leisure, in the palace where he had shut himself up, by transfixing flies with a sharp bodkin, for want of some nobler creature whereon to exercise his cruelty.

NNDDLBREAL.—A seaport town of England; a thriving place with a large and rising trade, chiefly in coals. Many ships are built here.

BSEOAD.—A Russian corn port, and a place of considerable importance. It suffered severely in the Crimean war.

EEEOAAPRNGDLL (three names fused into one).—An American poet and writer of fiction, distinguished alike for the great talents which made his name celebrated in England as well as in his native land, and for the deplorable failings which shattered his fortune and his health, resulting at last in his early death.

EIUAMBAR.—A French orator of tremendous power and fierce passions, who died at the very commencement of the greatest struggle of the people against the government recorded in French history.

HHFZOEEASR.—The scene of a celebrated victory of the British troops in India, in an arduous and dangerous war.

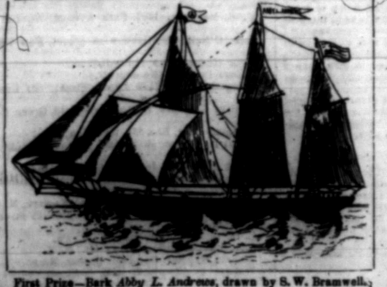
RLIIAMMOTN.—The scene of almost the last advantage gained in battle by a great conqueror who had faced the armies of Europe for many years, but was at last yielding to the repeated blows of misfortune and disaster.

KTCHBEEOAASMT.—An ambitious and turbulent English priest, who caused much vexation and trouble to his sovereign, and was at last murdered in a very cruel manner by that sovereign's servants.

LLLFRRNHWWWEEGSTHYADOON (three names in one).—Another American poet and novelist, equally distinguished for talent with the foregoing, but whose life has been one scene of industry and usefulness. He is particularly distinguished for his knowledge of languages.

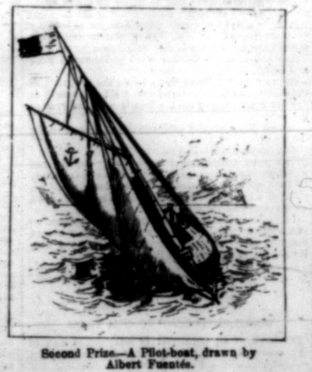
RNOOGAECS.—A learned monk, who lived in the Middle Ages, and greatly distinguished himself by his scientific attainments and discoveries. Many of his labors were lost through the ignorant

CHARLES E. HALSTEAD, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 3, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



First Prize—Bark *Abby L. Andrews*, drawn by S. W. Bramwell.

Third Prize—A Rosebud, drawn by A. W. Storm.



Second Prize—A Pilot-boat, drawn by Albert Fuentés.

OUR DRAWING TABLE.—SIXTH COMPETITION.

prejudice of the times, and he became the object of persecution rather than reward. (N. B.—In this transposition, two names, Christian and surname, are fused together.)

NEWLALENISE.—A celebrated leader of the troops in the thirty years' war in Germany. He aspired to independent rule, was betrayed by his followers, and perished by assassination.

LSHEAICL.—A famous hero of ancient days, who distinguished himself at a remarkable siege of a city, and whose achievements have been recorded in one of the noblest poems ever written in any language.

MYHETSRAEN.—A lake on whose banks a great battle was fought between the Romans and a powerful and vigilant enemy who had invaded their territories, and in which the Romans suffered a great defeat.

AAJZODR.—A town remarkable for two famous sieges during the Peninsular war, and for a great triumph gained by the British arms.

ACBROITPTNNIOAS.—A terrible habit which interferes with the due performances of our duties, and is sufficient, if unchecked, to ruin and completely nullify all the efforts of the unhappy mortal on whom it has taken hold.

AASPLU.—A celebrated university town in Sweden; an ancient city which has produced many distinguished scholars and poets famous in Swedish history.

KDWSLNEAHTN.—A very celebrated sculptor of Danish, or rather Icelandic, origin, whose works are now beginning to be known and appreciated not only by his countrymen, who have raised a museum to his memory, but also by all lovers of art throughout Europe. Some of his bas-reliefs are especially famous.

(To be continued.)

DOTYSVILLE.

[Continued from page 400.]

The cold wind of the early morning so chilled her that, when the boat did at last appear, she had barely strength left to wave her little handkerchief.

After two or three feeble attempts, her arm fell powerless by her side.

She despaired of being seen or noticed through the gloom and smoke of the Winter morning, and sank back upon the grave which had been her seat all those terrible hours.

She wished she could die; and then a faint, dreamy feeling came over her.

When she came to consciousness again, she was being carried on board the boat by the man of all men.

Then she closed her eyes, and forgot it all again.

Captain Tom Jewett, of the *Arkansas*, stood on the hurricane-deck watching for snags.

He was always addressed as "Old Man" by his subordinate officers.

"Old man, I want to land her here," cried Ben Taber, from the pilot-house.

"Very well, sir. Stop your larboard wheel, and bring her in slow."

A moment later, the boat swung rapidly round, till her bow touched the shore.

Before a plank could be run out, Ben Taber had left the pilot-house, and leaping ashore, ran up the steep ridge.

"I'll swear there is some woman in this," growled Captain Tom, as he watched his pilot curiously.

Ben had reached the top of the ridge, and for a little time was half concealed by the smoke.

Presently he came down the ridge again, with something in his arms.

"It's only an old blanket, after all. What a cussed fool he was to stop the boat for an old blanket!"

And Captain Tom laughed as he said this to Mr. Dilton, and thought of the rig he would have on his pilot.

By this time Ben had reached the plank, and running up the stairs into the cabin, gave his insensible burden into the arms of Aunt Chloe, the colored chambermaid.

When Ben was at the wheel again, Captain Tom, really delighted, but trying to growl, said:

"I'd like to know what you are going to do with that thing you brought aboard, sir?"

"I'm going to marry that thing, if she'll have me, old man."

A long whistle, ending in the exclamation, "What a case he is!" and Captain Tom was looking intently for snags again.

When Ben Taber came off watch, he went down into Aunt Chloe's quarters, where he found that jovial old lady and her charge awaiting him.

"De little gal's poorly, and needs 'tention," and old Chloe laughed.

What attention she received it is not necessary to relate, but an hour later Mr. Taber was at the clerk's office, anxiously inquiring if there was a preacher on board.

A tall, gaunt man, dressed in butternut, declared himself a preacher, and was immediately taken in hand by Captain Tom, and charged to "do it strong."

After sundry visits to the bar, under the supervision of Captain Tom, the preacher declared himself ready to "do it strong."

Aunt Chloe had dressed the bride in her own finery, which was as strange and as funny as the imagination of an old colored woman could make it. Captain Tom, not having any other articles of jewelry at hand, placed his own heavy watch and chain around the bride's neck, and in a few minutes Ben Taber and Missouri Gordon were pronounced man and wife.

Captain Tom insisted upon being the first to kiss the bride, and then ordered the "roustabouts" to fire the little cannon on the boat's bow the rest of the day.

Which firing greatly astonished the natives along the river.

But time brings changes.

The good steamboat *Arkansas* long since found a resting-place among the snags of the great river. Of Dotysville, the city of "great expectations," nothing now remains save the site—a ravine overgrown with briers and huge weeds.

Ida the Missouri Gordon, the bride, has become an old woman, who enjoys her rocking-chair before the fire, while she tells her grandchildren her own love-story, and the fate of Dotysville.

THE BOY JOINER.

TOOLS, AND HOW TO USE THEM.

TWO boys of an industrial or mechanical turn of mind, the very name of "tools" possesses a charm which others can scarcely understand; and we purpose, therefore, giving some information about them before starting on the actual work in which they are to be employed—to describe, as it were, the characters who are to perform on our stage. The few hints given will serve as a guide in the selection of the tools.

A well-fitted tool-chest is not by any means to be underrated, but you need not wait until you possess one. You can buy tools singly, just as your work requires them, and we shall, in the course of these papers, give some instructions for the construction of a chest to contain them.

It, however, you are disposed to purchase a tool-box, do not buy one in which the tools are mere toys—this is absolutely a waste of money—and you will be annoyed by the failure of your work, and your inability to accomplish your wishes, owing to the inefficiency of your tools.

There is an old adage that a "good workman can work with bad tools." Very likely he can, but if so, it is just because he is a good workman. His skill enables him to overcome every difficulty, and to make each tool do its best; but he would be able to work better, and certainly with greater ease, with good tools.

This article is not, however, addressed to good workmen, but to boys, who, whilst occupying themselves with joinery as an amusement, still do not profess to work to be sold, but take an interesting, whether for purposes of business or pleasure, fair handicraftsmen; and as neatness, accuracy and correct fitting of one part with another are main features, the importance of good tools, by which alone these objects can be attained, is here insisted upon.

The first tool that claims our attention, then, is

THE HAMMER, which is so well known that it scarcely needs description. It is advisable to have

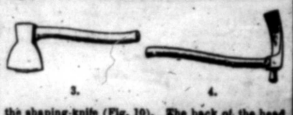
1. 2.

two different sized hammers, for heavier or lighter purposes. The heads are of various shapes; the one represented in Fig. 1 is that most generally used for rather large work, whilst others of a lighter character are employed in driving small nails, sprigs, etc.

In using the hammer, hold it by the end of the handle as far as possible from the head, by which you will obtain the greatest amount of force. Do not give a great number of short, quick taps, but strike a good firm blow straight on the head of the nail, and in doing so watch carefully that the nail is driven straight into the wood, otherwise you may have its point appearing at the side of the box or cabinet you are making, and then the task of getting it out again will be very difficult, and the appearance of your work will be injured.

THE MALLET (Fig. 2) is merely a wooden hammer formed of a block of wood, into which a handle is fixed. It is used for striking tools with wooden handles, such as the mortising-chisel, of which we shall speak presently, or for driving "home" a piece of wood which is being joined to another.

THE AX (Fig. 3) is used for roughly shaping out a board or piece of timber, by splitting chips off the edge, which is to be afterward further formed with



3. 4.

the shaping-knife (Fig. 10). The back of the head of the ax is sometimes used as a heavy hammer, but in this way it requires great care, as the edge, being thus turned toward the workman, the tool is rendered doubly dangerous.

THE ADZE (Fig. 4) is a kind of ax, the head of which is placed at right angles to the handle. It is used for chipping pieces off of flat surfaces. It is a tool much used by ship's carpenters and coopers.

THE BRAD-AWL (Fig. 5) or sprig-bit is used for boring holes for any small nails (called brads or

5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11.

sprigs), and the various-sized gimlets (Fig. 6) are used for larger or deeper holes. When a large hole is wanted through a very thick piece of timber the auger (Fig. 7) is used.

THE BRACE (Fig. 8) is a very important implement. It consists of a curved handle, into which various-sized "bits" are fixed by means of a spring or screw. The workman places the point of the bit in the centre of the place where he requires a hole, and fixing the broad, round end of the brace against his chest, turns the handle round and round. The spear-like point, acting as a centre, the point *b* cuts a deep ring, and the point *c*, which is bent so as to form a flat chisel, scoops out the pieces of wood, and so a beautifully round and smooth hole is made; but, of course, the hole cannot be bored so deep with this tool as with the auger.

THE SCREWDRIVER (Fig. 9) is something like a chisel, but is longer and narrower, and its edge just fits into the groove across the head of a screw, but is not sharp enough to cut with. The hole in which a screw is placed should always be as deep as the screw is long, and should be bored with a gimlet a little smaller than the thickness of the screw. The screwdriver should be held upright on the head of the screw; just, in fact, as if it were a continuation of the screw itself. It should be kept in its place by the left hand, and turned by the right hand, which should at the same time press on it.

THE SHAPING-KNIFE, or drawing-knife (Fig. 10) is a strong knife fixed between two handles. It is used for purposes somewhat similar to those already described in connection with the ax. Thus, supposing a roughly squared pole is to be rounded without being turned in a lathe, the workman, holding the shaping-knife by its two handles, and having fixed the pole either in the vise of his bench or otherwise, chips away the angles by drawing the knife toward him, at the same time pressing it against the parts to be removed. In using this tool, the direction of the fibre of the wood must be considered. If the workman finds that the tool sinks deeper into the wood than desired, or that there is a tendency for greater pieces to come off than is required, it is a proof that the fibres of the wood are running downward; and he therefore turns the wood the other way up, and works his tool in various directions, which his judgment may show him to be necessary, and thus he accomplishes his purpose. The shaping-knife is also used in cutting or shaping boards to any required form.

The work of the shaping-knife is afterward finished by the SPOKESHAVE (Fig. 11). We advise all boy joiners to manage to get into the workshop of some wheelwrights, who use both these tools with wonderful dexterity, in order to see the practical method of working with them. This advice applies, however, not to these tools only, but to all those here described. An hour spent in the workshop of a good carpenter or joiner will serve as a lesson in the uses of tools which will never be forgotten.

THE PINCERS (Fig. 12) are used for pulling out nails which have not been driven in straight, or which, for some other reason, have to be removed. The claw at the end of one of the handles is to force under a nail which may be bent, in order that it may be raised sufficiently to be grasped by the jaws of the tool, and thus drawn out. Pliers are sometimes used for the same purpose, and also for bending wire, etc., which may be required in the course of working. They are smaller than pincers, and have straight jaws.

(To be continued.)

EARLY INFLUENCES.

THERE can be no greater blessing than to be born in the light and air of a cheerful, loving home. It not only insures a happy childhood—if there be health and a good constitution, but it almost makes sure a virtuous and happy manhood, and a fresh young heart in old age. We think it every parent's duty to try to make their children's childhood full of love and of childhood's proper joyousness; and we never see children destitute of them through the poverty, jealousy tempers, or evil notions of their parents, without a heartache. Not that all the appliances which wealth can buy are necessary to the free and happy unfolding of childhood in body, mind or heart—quite otherwise, God be thanked, but children must at least have love inside the door, and fresh air and good play, and some good companionship outside—otherwise young life runs the greatest danger in the world of withering, or growing stunted, or sour and wrong, or, at least, prematurely old, and turned inward on itself.

GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANTS.

DRAW to decide which one of the company will take the part of the grasshopper, all the rest being termed ants. The grasshopper writes on a piece of paper the name of some edible grain; then, folding the paper, goes to the ants, who are seated in a circle, and says, "My friends, I am hungry, I pray you give me some food." Then, particularly addressing the first ant, she continues: "You, who are so very charitable, what will you give me?" The ant replies, "I have only a grain of rice (or any other grain), which is at your service." The grasshopper then says, "Thank you," and passes to the next ant, and the others in succession. If none of the ants mention the grain written on the paper which the grasshopper holds, the latter pays a forfeit, and the game is again commenced in its second stage, as will be presently explained; but if one of the ants pronounces the fatal word, the grasshopper says, "I accept your offer; heaven reward you!" and showing the paper with the same word, the grasshopper takes the place of the ant, and the latter, paying a forfeit, becomes the grasshopper.

In the second stage of the game, the newly-made grasshopper writes the name of a dance on a piece of paper, and days to the ants, "My hunger is appeased, and now I wish to dance; what dance will you recommend?" The ants, interrogated in succession, mention several dances, as the waltz, polka, minuet, etc., until one, naming the dance written on the paper, is compelled to pay a forfeit, and becomes the grasshopper.

8. 12.

The third grasshopper then writes the name of a musical instrument, and says to the ants, "As I dislike dancing without music, what instrument would you advise?" The ants, in turn, mention the harp, violin, piano, etc., until the instrument written down is mentioned, and the result is as in the preceding instances. The next grasshopper says, "I have danced until I am tired, and now wish to go to sleep; under what leaf would you advise me to make my bed?" Each ant, interrogated in turn, replies by naming the leaf of some flower, and the game goes on as before.

The amusement of this game is greatly enhanced by the ingenuity of those engaged in it, and the pertinency of the questions and answers bearing on the natural history of grasshoppers and ants.

ENLIGHTENING THE YOUNG.—The five-year-old son of a family the other day stood watching his baby brother, who was making a great noise over having his face washed. The little fellow at length lost his patience, and stamping his tiny foot, said: "You think you have lots of trouble, but you don't know anything about it. Wait till you're big enough to get a lickin', and then you'll see—won't he, mamma?"

Look out for our new story, "TRACKED BY A PIRATE."

OUR LETTER-BOX.

MISS LIZZIE LIVESON, Annapolis.—It you will be kind enough to send your address to the Editor of FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' & GIRLS' WEEKLY, he will be only too glad to give you an answer. It would take up too much space to give it in the Letter-Box.

F. J. P., Thorn Well, Ontario, Can.—We will try to oblige you in our next number; we have not space enough in the present one.

GEO. BROWN.—You had better write and ask the Commodore yourself; we are not at liberty to tell you.

ALFRED FOREMAN.—If you look carefully through our lists, we think that you will find your name mentioned. Look at the notice at the head of the Drawing-Table.

ORGAN A. LEWIS.—We cannot understand what you mean. All the *continued* stories are in each number.

HARRY P. BROWN, Griffin, Geo.—Try again. You did very well for a first attempt. It would not be fair if we were to prompt you.

E. J. T.—You always know in two weeks' time after receipt of drawing. Look carefully through your papers; we cannot understand how it is; read Drawing-Table notice.

R. HARRISON, New Orleans.—Look carefully through your papers, and read our notice at the head of the Drawing-Table.

P. A. G.—1. We cannot; sold out. 2. Sold out. 3. Not complete; nearly all sold out. What numbers do you want? 4. No. 5. Yes, a magazine for young people called FRANK LESLIE'S CHAUTAUQUAN. 6. We cannot; sold out.

A CONSTANT READER.—We should very much like to oblige you, but we cannot, for we do not publish impossible stories.

E. J. THOMPSON.—Look carefully through our papers; answer sent by mail.

L. B.—We accept anything that is sent to us, but we do not pay for them, for the simple reason that we always have a great stock on hand.

SARAH V. DARE.—We mailed you an answer. You did not have all your answers correct.

FRANK PATTERSON.—We will do our best to oblige you, though it is impossible to reprint stories, as it is not fair that our readers should pay for the same story twice. We are not at liberty to give you the name of the authors if they do not do so themselves. Send your songs and we will tell you when we have read them. We will give you a detective story as soon as possible.

FRED WINDOLPH.—Letter received; many thanks. You would receive it nearly two days sooner.

BURT DAVIS.—If you send us some good "lettering," we will submit it to the committee.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Yes; in No. 695 will begin a splendid new story by Roger Starbuck, entitled "Tracked by a Pirate; Or, The Adventures of the Young Sponge-Hunters." Look out for it, and order of your newsdealer beforehand, for the demand will be very great, and if you do not order in advance you may have to wait.

J. P.—You promise to be a very powerful young fellow, but do not overlift yourself.

MINNIE.—Yes. Our new story, to commence in No. 695, is full of love and adventure. All you young ladies will like it. Tell your friends, and order early.

JAMES W. DEWBERE.—You have forgotten to send your address with your contribution to the Drawing-Table.

JACK HANKAWAY.—Yes. If you look through the daily papers you will see that there is a splendid circus at the New York Aquarium at the present moment.

OXO.—Certainly. We accept caricature drawings as well as any others. Look out for our new story by Roger Starbuck, entitled "Tracked by a Pirate."

G. N. MURPHY.—We will be sure to attend to your request.

F. DRUMMEY, Bayonne, N. J.—To the best of our belief they are perfectly trustworthy, but at the same time you must be on your guard. We believe that they are canvassing agents.

THE DRAWING-TABLE.

SEVENTH COMPETITION.

PRIZE-WINNERS.

1.—Harry H. Macmillan, P. O. Box 219, Baltimore, Md.

2.—A. Lippbard, 625 L Street, N. W. Washington.

3.—W. Ehinger, 2816 Girard Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Van Allen Johnson, Spring Valley, Rockland Co., N. Y.

Adam Schaffer, 104 Hopkins Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

John H. Turner, 23 Davenport Street, Boston, Mass.

M. S. Meyberg, 1705 Park Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

John O'Neill, 128 Greenwich Street, New York City.

Felix Gudschinsky, Milford, Conn.

Robert Lynch. (No address.)

Percy S. Stiats, 2111 Lynch Street, St. Louis, Mo.

William B. Moore, North Springfield, Grega Co., Mo.

Sherman Baer, Box 531, Massillon, Ohio.

Edgar S. Taylor, 59 DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, E. D.

Frank Patterson, Jr., Box 16, Attica, Ind.

Geo. Turk, 1013 Elizabeth Avenue, Elizabeth, N. J.

Albert Sousa, 71 Belleville Street, Newark, N. J.

Edward Pritchard, 24 West Seventeenth Street, New York City.

L. Beers, Pachterton, Carbon Co., Pa.

Geo. Burger, Marley, Ulster Co., N. Y.

William Webster, Box 1061, Boston, Mass.

William S. Cranford, 2135 L Street, between Twenty-first and Twenty-second Streets, N. W., Washington, D. C.

W. G. Kelly, Box 254, Chester, Pa.
E. W. Swayze, 1628 Columbia Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.
Maggie Scott, Box 363, Sewickley, Pa.
Harry S. Glover, 343 South Eleventh Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Henry Higgins, 225 Tenth Street, Troy, N. Y.
Louis B. Ess, 1903 Parrish Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
John Byrne, 502 West Fiftieth Street, New York City.
H. P. Baker, 47 Bell Street, West Philadelphia, Pa.
G. W. Horne, Ashland, Pa.
Geo. A. Jobes, Probate Judge's Office, Greenville, Ohio.
Peter O'Dell, 210 Washington Street, New Britain, Ct.
John L. Heffernan, Marquette, Mich.
James P. Winslow, *Republican* Office, Hudson, N. Y.
Samuel J. Davidson, 143 Wyckoff Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
E. H. Forrest, Terre Haute, Vigo County, Ind.
H. S. Logan, Box 68, Clinton, Ind.
Philip Gannon, 4 Adeline Street, New Haven, Ct.
John Griem, 20 Russlee Court, Boston Highland, Mass.
John Conoway, 1137 Twenty-first, bet. L and M. Streets, W. Washington, D. C.
James Donohue, 341 West Thirty-seventh Street, New York City.
J. B. Orr, Bridgeport, Ct.
Marcus Liepziger, 162 East Fifty-sixth Street, New York City.
Master Willie W. Swan, Janesville, Wis.
Albert N. Roberts, 2146 Master Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
C. Turnbull, care of Geo. W. Turnbull, Austin, Travis County, Texas.
Chas. Prior, 348 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

The following candidates have been heard from, and their drawings will be decided upon next week:

Frank Kellerman, John L. Kopf, Samuel Golding, Chas. Prior, C. C. Northern, John Stohl, Chas. H. Wharton, William Chappel, Edward Krie, Miss Julia Couburn, George B. Weitring, J. W. Grommon, Master Willie, Edwin E. Gilman, Thos. Davis, William H. Smith, Carl Smith, Geo. A. Hodge, J. H. Green, Geo. B. Witring, Jr., Fred Brickell, Will M. Oliver, Willie A. Williams, Edward Pearson, Ernie Hewitt, Alonzo J. Wagner, Irvine C. Chister, Geo. W. Orcroft, Ellis Doud, John Cadzaus, J. N. Kriegshabet, Ed. Thompson, Otis J. Tall, Edgar S. Perkins, Edmond Brooks, Miss Hattie N. Simons, J. Edmond Page, Myra Sands, James E. Howes, Edgar J. Taylor, Frank Hiekman, Hiram Altman, John H. Bisach, Averill Thompson, William Sprangle, B. F. Schirmer, Scherman Bear, Miss Agnes Silk, A. B. Scott, W. Smith, John O'Neil, Frank Williamson, J. H. S., Jr., Lamer Donohue, Samuel R. Miller, Van Mullit, A. W. Storm, Robert Meeks, Jr.

DRAWING TABLE NOTICE.

MANY of our young competitors neglect to send us their correct addresses, and the consequence is that their certificates of merit do not reach.

Three letters have recently been returned to us: one addressed to Thomas F. Byron; another to Thomas Hank; and another to Jones Brown.

We should be very much obliged if they would send us their right addresses, so that we can forward their certificates.

A contributor from Washington complains that he sent a picture and did not see his or her name mentioned, and at the same time sent us a second contribution, and *again* forgot to sign his or her name, or even mention the address. Of course, under the circumstances, the editor cannot be blamed.

For the benefit of any of our young readers who may not have noticed our previous announcement, we beg to state that, for the present, we are giving three prizes for drawings executed by any of our young friends without any assistance from teachers, parents or others. The prizes are $2, $1, and 50 cents respectively, accompanied by a certificate of merit, inscribed with the name and address of the winner. Any drawing that is not quite good enough for one of the prizes, but which has great merit, will receive honorable mention in our columns, as well as a certificate of merit.

All our young readers must try, and if they do not win a prize the first time, let them try again.

We are constantly receiving letters from our young friends complaining that they do not see their drawings noticed. Now, in answer to a number of questions, we hope that they will carefully read the following:

1st. We do not guarantee to return any drawings unless the sender requests us to do so at the time she or he sends the contribution.

2d. Our young friends must not be too impatient. Remember that we receive a great many drawings, and that they cannot all receive attention in one week.

3d. Be very careful in putting your name and address down carefully.

4th. We have received dozens of drawings without any name or address to inform us who they belonged to, and among others one that we are forced to mention, for it is so well drawn—the house of Doctor Alexander Martin, D.D. You cannot expect us to notice your work if you do not let us know your names and addresses. Show your certificate to your friends, and get them to compete, for in future, by reason of the great number of drawings we receive, we are going to give fewer certificates, in order that they may be more prized.

THE ROUND TABLE PRIZES.

To be Read by all who Send Answers.

FOR A COMPLETE SET OF ANSWERS TO ALL THE ENIGMAS, ETC., IN THIS NUMBER.

For the best and earliest, due allowance being made for the distance of each competitor - $5.00
For the next best - - - - - - - - 2.50
For the third in merit and promptness - - 1.00

N. B.—There is no prize offered for an answer to only one puzzle or riddle. The answers must be to ALL. Competitors in all parts of the country have an equal chance.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, ETC., IN No. 690.

1. Substance, Seignory, Thus: StatioS, UmpirE, Broccoli, SkeU, TarN, Ascent, NunciO, CymaR, EpicerrY. 2. Rap, Wrap. 3. Counter-pane. 4. Dry-den. 5. Make. 6. Spin. 7. Dearth, Earth-8. Pear, Rape. 9. Peat, Heat, Seat, Peat. 10. Wind.

WINNERS OF PRIZES IN No. 690.

1.—L. Chappuis, 262 South Fourth Street, Brooklyn, E. D.

2.—M. G. Porter, rear of 540 Main Street, Charlestown District, Boston, Mass.

3.—Jack B. Pearce, Box 506, Kenton, Ohio.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

1.—ISLANDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. Immaculate—part of the body.
2. To fish with—a large lake.
3. An estate.
4. Diseased—a part of speech, spirit, a conveyance.
5. A color—a country.
6. A name—fruit.
7. A company—an article.
8. A pronoun—women.
9. A young animal—an article.
10. Carried—a vowel.
11. A musical sign—a city.

2.—PUZZLE.

I am a word of only six letters, but nevertheless contain a dignitary of the church, a Spanish gentleman, a French hero, and one of a valiant people. I possess also a fruit, a swelling, a familiar salutation, three abbreviations, a preposition, a vessel for beer, a collection of laws, an instrument of punishment, a salt and a fresh-water fish, and an Indian boat.

3.—WORD SQUARES.

1. A girl's name—Fat—A fruit—Part of the face.
2. A metal—A notion—A small lizard—Animals.
3. Clear—A measure—Otherwise—Exigency.
4. Animals—Level ground—Harnessed oxen—An adjective.

4.—A BOUQUET (Transpositions).

1. Here oil pot. 2. I trust U man. 3. I ran on cat. 4. W. E. West, I am ill. 5. Must be cry man. 6. He sees a rat.

5.—NUMBERED CHARADE.

I possess 11 letters: My 2, 11 is a pronoun; 10, 3, 6, 11, to destroy; 7, 5, 9, a vegetable; 1, 5, 8, the ocean; 2, 9, 10, 5, an animal; 7, 11, 3, 4, a mountain in England; 10, 5, 9, 7, to cut corn; 6, 7, 11, 5, 10, an instrument of war; 5, 9, 10, part of the body; 1, 7, 5, 4, 11, a celebrated traveler; 4, 8, 11, 7, to retain; 10, 3, 4, 11, a gardening tool; and 7, 5, 10, 5, to cut thinly; my whole being the name of a poet.

6.—GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC ENIGMA.

1. A town in Portugal.
2. A river in England.
3. An island in the Archipelago.
4. A town in France.
5. A government in Russia.
6. A lake in Persia.
7. A river in Italy.
8. A port in South America.
9. A town in Holland.

7.—GEOGRAPHICAL CHARADES.

1. My first is a relation, my second is a kind of carriage, my third is to take a meal, my whole is a town in Scotland.

2. My first is an article, my second is a seaport of England, and my whole is a borough of England.

3. My first is a poor ill-used animal, my second is part of the verb "to be," and my whole is a town in China.

4. My first is an article, my second is anything torn, my third is a preposition, and my whole is a bay of Spain.

5. My first is silent, my second is still, my third is a preposition, and my whole is a town in Scotland.

6. My first is a conveyance, my second is a part of the verb "to be," my third is a stream, and my whole is the Isle of Wight.

8.—CELEBRATED OPERAS (buried).

1. Ann or Mary must come with me.
2. If Austin can come, Bel will be glad to meet him.
3. The Auction Mart has been renewed and altered lately.
4. After I go let Tom finish his letter for home.
5. Real Italian Artists are rare.
6. While at Pontheim, Ryan, the Irishman, had his leg broken.

9.—REVAILINGS.

1. I am to listen; retail me, and I am an indispensable part of the body, retail me again, and I am that on which a fire is sometimes made.

2. I am a preposition; retail me, and I am a boy's name, retail me again, and I am a place to which we shall all go.

3. I am relationship; retail me, and I am a sovereign.

4. I am still the same if retailed as if not, but retail once more and I am a conjunction.

5. I am a vehicle; retail me, and I am a native of this country.

10.—ACCIDENTAL HIDINGS.

In the following quotations from well-known authors, find concealed ten boys' and girls' names (diminutives excluded):

1.—"Nay, and thou'lt mouth, I'll rant as well as thou."—SHAKESPEARE.

2.—"Delight is laid aback, and pleasure past."—SPENSER.

3.—"Alas! what perils doo environ the man who meddles with a siren."—BUTLER.

4.—"Learn to live well, or fairly make your will."—POPE.

5.—"Oh! ever thus, America, be strong."—MRS. HALE.

6.—"The day was declining, a day sick and damp."—LUCILE.

7.—"Love is a sorry slave and a sad master."—SIDNEY.

8.—"Man, know thyself; all wisdom centres there."—YOUNG. FRED WINDOLPH.

11.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

Consonant; hinderance; teach; ardent; a fish; a seed; consonant. J. H. GREEN.

12.—CHARADE.

On mountain side, in cavern deep,
My first is sought and found,
Sometimes o'er it the waters leap;
In shape 'tis often round.

Where friends may meet in ev'ry clime
My second's sure to be;
They spend a happy, joyous time
In it with song and glee.

My whole lives very near my first,
In solitude serene,
Where the wild heather waves so free,
And man is seldom seen.

ANNIE M. SHELDON.

FUN FOR THE BOYS.

LITTLE GIRL (aged five) reading the Bible (twenty-first chapter of Genesis) with her mamma. Mamma reads the eighth verse: "And the child grew and was weaned." *Little Girl*—"What does that mean, mamma?" adding, immediately: "Oh, I know; they gave Isaac the bottle!"

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

A rather amusing incident is told as having occurred recently at a church in Connecticut, not many miles from Fairfield. The clergyman, it would appear, desired to call the attention of his congregation to the fact that it being the last Sunday in the month he would administer the rite of baptism to children. Previous to his having entered the pulpit he had received from one of his elders, who, by the-way, was quite deaf, a notice to the effect that as the children would be present that evening, and he had the new Sunday-school books ready for distribution, he would have them there to sell to those who desired them. After the sermon, the clergyman began the notice of his baptismal service thus:

"All of those having children and desiring to have them baptized, will bring them this afternoon."

At this point the deaf elder, hearing the mention of children, supposed it was something in reference to his books, and rising, said:

"All of those having none, and desiring them, will be supplied by me for the sum of twenty-five cents."

GOOD TO-DAY AS EVER.—Dean Swift, having preached at some sermon in Ireland, was invited to dine with the judges, and having, in his sermon, considered the use and the abuse of the law, pressed somewhat hard upon those counselors who plead cause which they know in their consciences to be wrong. When dinner was over and the glass began to go round a young barrister retorted upon the dean, and after several altercations the counselor asked him: "If the devil was to die might not a parson be found who, for money, would preach his funeral service?" "Yes," said Swift; "I would gladly be the man, and would give the devil his due, as I have this day done to his children."

A MAN applied to a bootmaker for the making of a pair of boots. The measure was taken, and the craftsman said he would have the boots done by the end of the week, if possible. The end of the week came, but no boots. At the end of the second week, the boots being still unfinished, the customer became wroth. "But, sir," pleaded the maker, "remember the weather has been stormy nearly every day since I took your measure." "And what has the weather to do with the making of my boots?" demanded the applicant, furiously. "Indeed, sir," replied the humble artisan, with simple honesty of expression, "I cannot work out of doors in the storm." "Out of doors? And what is the inside of your shop for?" The bootmaker looked at the man's feet, and then glanced around his narrow apartment; and then, pointing to the enormous understandings of his irate customer, he said: "Sir, the inside of my shop is for making decent-sized boots and shoes in; but, my sakes! if I should attempt to build up a pair of shoes of the size of those feet on the inside of this place, where would I find room to work in?"

IN a certain Sunday-school not a thousand miles from Rome (N. Y.) the scholars are given cards containing Bible quotations. Each scholar learns the quotation on his card by heart, and repeats it in Sunday-school the following Sunday. On a recent Sunday one little boy, whom we will call Johnny Brown, because it is not his name, recited his quotation, "I will never forsake thee." The good pastor then addressed the Sunday-school with: "Now, children, who said this? Can any one tell me who said those words?" A moment's oppressive silence followed, when a wee girl, whose face had brightened very suddenly, piped out, "It was Johnny Brown!"

A NEW boy at a board-school diverted the minds of the other pupils from their books by munching nuts, whereupon the teacher relieved him of his edibles and reprimanded him. NEXT day the master received a note from the new scholar's mother, which conveyed this information: "If mi Boy kant eat nuts out loud in skule, i'll edicate him mi-self at home."

CAUTION.

Subscribers, in sending subscriptions for any of our publications, should be careful to direct their letters plainly to FRANK LESLIE, 53, 55 *and* 57 *Park Place, New York, in order to insure their safe delivery.*

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER *commends itself to youthful readers, as it is a faithful weekly record—a pictorial history, in fact—of the most important events occurring at home and abroad—political, social, commercial, scientific, etc., etc. It blends instruction with entertainment; and being profusely illustrated, the events are thus pleasantly impressed on the mind, and a rich and constantly increasing fund of useful knowledge afforded. Ask your parents to subscribe for the* ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, *you will not fail to be interested in its contents. Published every Wednesday, price 10 cents; annual subscription, $4, postpaid. Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

$77 a Month and expenses guaranteed to Agents. Outfit free. SHAW & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

80 Samples Photo, Duplex, etc., Cards, 10c. Autograph Album, 12c. GLOBE PRINT CO., Northford, Ct.

50 Snowflake, Motto, Chromo, Fancy, etc., CARDS, in gold & jet, 10c. Best! Burtell & Co., Derham, Ct.

51 Finely Printed Address Cards, only 13cts. Samples for stamp. CANTINE & CAGWIN, Rome, N. Y.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

50 Elegant Cards, New Chromo, Shells, Gilt-edge, etc., with name, 10c. G. A. SPRING, E. Wallingford, Ct.

50 Cards, 10 Parisian, 10 Chromo, 30 Lily, Lace, etc., name on, 10c. WISE & CO., New Haven, Ct.

50 Brilliant, Chromo and Tortoiseshell Cards, in case, with name, 10c. Outfit, 10c. Hall Bros., Northford, Ct.

50 Chromo, snowflake and lace cards, with name, 10c. 40 all chromos, 10c. Star Print'g Co., Northford, Ct.

40 Elegant Cards, all Chromo, Motto, and Glass, name in gold and jet, 10 cts. WEST & CO., Westville, Ct.

$5 to 20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address, STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

PHOTOGAPH VISITING CARDS. Send 10c. for circular and 20 samples. HEAVY BROS., Northford, Ct.

$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address, P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

LOOK! 1 sample and circular of 50 fast-selling novelties, 3c. UNION NOVELTY CO., Cuttle, N. Y.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF By sending 25 cents, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage.
Address, W. FOX, Box 205, Fultonville, N. Y.

25 Beautiful Cards, Gold, Chromo, etc., with name, 10c., postpaid. A. L. DEVENDORF & Co., Fort Plain, N. Y.

COLUMBIA BICYCLE. A practical road machine. Delivered by free medical profession as the most healthful of out-door sports. It augments threefold the locomotive power of an ordinary man. Send 2-cent stamp for 36-page catalogue with price-list and full information.
THE POPE M'F'G CO.,
98 SUMMER St., Boston, Mass.

48-Page Floral Autograph Album, illustrated with Birds, Scrolls, Verses, &c. Covers Elegantly Gilded. Also 47 Select Quotations. All 15c. postpaid (stamps taken). Agt's wanted. G. W. Bocenecke, West Haven, Ct.

60 Queen Anne and Photo. Cards, illuminated and perfumed, in case, 10c. GLOBE PRINT CO., Northford, Ct.

A CENT! READ THIS! A postal card will bring you, free, by return mail, a sample and agreement, or sheet of letter commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address BUSHMAN & Co., Marshall, Mich.

PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS Complete, 50 cents, postpaid (in so simple that any boy or girl can photograph perfectly at once); contains all the necessary chemicals, printing-frame, negative albumen paper, directions, etc. Worth Brothers, 720 Sixth Street, New York.

CARDS:—16 Lily-of-the-valley, 10 Scroll, 10 Engraved, 10 Transparent, 1 Model Love-letter, 1 Card-case. Name on all, 15c. WEST & CO., Westville, Conn.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address, H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Me.

$2 WATCHES. Cheapest in the known world. Address, ADAMS CUTLER & CO., Chicago.

20 New Styles Chromo Cards, 10c.; or 25 New Styles, mixed, 10c., postpaid. J. B. Husted, Nassau, N. Y.

STAMPS!—200 Foreign, 15c., 1000 for 50c.; 10 (different) Turkey for 20c. Chas. E. Russell, 130th St. MOUNT HAVEN, N.Y.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE!

Frank Leslie's

CHATTERBOX

UNRIVALED AS A JUVENILE PUBLICATION.

PLEASING, ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

The Stories, Tales, Narratives, Adventures, Poetry, Descriptive Articles, etc., etc., fill Forty-eight Quarto Pages, and the embellishments are Profuse and Beautiful.

The contents are prepared with the view of fixing the attention of the youthful readers, and while interesting and entertaining them, impart useful information, and inculcate principles of morality and honesty.

FRANK LESLIE'S CHATTERBOX
Should be found in every household.

Published monthly. Sold by all newsdealers. Price 10 cents a copy. Annual subscription, $1, postpaid.

Frank Leslie's Publishing House,
53, 55 & 57 Park Place, New York.

DOTYSVILLE.

A BROAD ravine running down to the rapid, muddy waters of the Missouri, containing six log cabins, a cooper-shop, and a grocery stocked with whisky and tobacco, and the location and commercial importance of the city of Dotysville are sufficiently described.

More than thirty years ago, Robert Doty, of Culpepper County, Virginia, with his young bride, steamed slowly up the troublesome river, to take possession of a great tract of wild land which had become his inheritance.

In those days every little village on the river-bank was destined, in the eyes of its inhabitants, to become a great city. Dotysville, on paper, was excelled by none.

But of those cities in embryo few ever reached respectability in population or wealth, while the majority are now remembered only by some old story of crime or blood, like the following one:

Robert Doty and his bride landed at the mouth of the ravine just mentioned, and leaving their baggage and effects on the bank, walked miles away to a cabin for shelter.

The next day this landing-place was named Dotysville.

A little later a clearing was made, and simultaneously with the fall of the forest-trees the new cabins of the settlers appeared, and Dotysville became a place of "great expectations."

Five years afterward Dotysville was still a wretched little village of six cabins. Its chief income was derived either from fleecing some unlucky stranger at cards, or "taking up" the horses and mules of their equally unlucky neighbors.

Mrs. Bob—as she was called—had longed for the comforts and pleasures of her early home, and finally, when a new joy was given her, and she clasped a puny babe in her arms, it was only the last flicker of the candle before expiring. She and her child were soon laid in the yellow clay of the sharp ridge overlooking the village.

Robert Doty, at first energetic and manly, had fallen step by step until he was a confirmed drunkard and gambler, while of the great "Doty tract" nothing now remained to him but a miserable log cabin, with its half-acre of gigantic weeds, and the graves on the ridge.

The bright anticipations of the first settlers had not been realized, and, after the eager hopes of the first year, those who remained had become sullen, disappointed men.

The one little store and whisky-shop, with its long strip of red flannel for a sign, swallowed up nearly all the money of the place, whether honestly or dishonestly acquired.

The men were idle and worthless. The women were more industrious, for upon them chiefly fell the burden of the household wants and cares. But their untidy, slipshod appearance told plainly enough of the miserable influence of their lords and masters.

Doty, after the death of his wife, spent the most of his time traveling on the boats of the river, plying his calling of gambler.

The great number of emigrants, speculators, and travelers coming to the new country furnished a fine field for him.

But there were dangers also. It was customary for the captains of boats, when complaints were made against the gamblers, to land these talented gentlemen upon the first island or sand-bar, and leave them to swim ashore, or get off as they could best.

From one of his raids upon the traveling public, Doty had returned with a beautiful girl of eighteen, who was installed as mistress of his little cabin.

Who or what she was, no one knew, and no one presumed to ask questions which might be answered by the pistol or knife sooner than by words.

In frontier life a man may take the life of his fellow-man with a light cause, and his fellows will often overlook and excuse his crime; but he who steals a horse, for him death is certain, speedy, and inevitable, whenever he is caught.

It is a sad commentary upon the value of human life, but the frequent homicides of that border country prove the truth of the statement.

One night, just after the dwellers of Dotysville had finished their evening meal, a boat was seen coming across the river, and keen eyes discovered a horse swimming after the boat.

Soon another boat was seen far behind, but gaining rapidly on the first one.

Shouts were heard, and as the first boat neared the shore, pistol-shots rang out over the water.

The oarsman in the foremost one sank for a moment in his boat, but rising, a stroke or two, aided by the strong current, brought it to the bank.

By this time the entire population was at the water's edge to receive him, and when the man, covered with blood, staggered ashore, they recognized Doty. Strong arms caught him up and bore him to his own cabin, where few words told the tale to the young girl who received them.

They had scarcely laid him on the rude bed when the tramp of feet and the sound of voices proclaimed the arrival of his pursuers.

Quick as thought the girl pushed them out and closed the door behind her.

As they approached, she demanded of the strangers their business.

One of them, with an oath, attempted to push her aside and enter the cabin; but an instant later he was tumbling down the steep path with a bullet through his shoulder; and the others, astonished, fell back for a parley.

The first light of the rising moon shone full upon the girl as she stood before the door, and the sight horrified even those rough men of the border.

Her light dress, her hands and her bare arms were dabbled with blood.

Her glaring eyes, dilated nostrils and parted lips showed her intense passion.

Said one of the men:

"We want that horse-thief, Bob Doty, and if you don't give him up it will be the worse for you."

"Doty is now dying from your bullets, and the man who comes one step nearer this door is a dead man," said she.

Those rough men, who would have fought their fellow-man to the death, were intimidated by this girl, and, after a short parley, went back to their boat with a half-guilty air, as if ashamed of being foiled by a woman.

The girl went in and fastened the door, and striking a light, commenced her terrible vigil by the wounded man. He was insensible while she bathed and dressed his wounds, but after a little recovered, and, stretching out his hand to her, said, faintly:

"My poor, poor Alice!"

And she, who but a little before was fierce as a tigress, was now all sobs, tears and tenderness.

No description can be given of that night of horrors, but when the morning sun shone in on the occupants of that wretched cabin, it showed a corpse stiff and stark, while sitting beside it was a girl pale as death, with dry, hard eyes staring at vacancy as she stroked and fondled one of the clammy hands.

Before midday a rough coffin was brought, and men bore the body to the top of the ridge, where, in a grave beside his wife and child, sleeps Robert Doty.

The girl Alice did not follow the corpse, but when the men had filled the grave and gone, she went up and sat gazing for hours at the fresh yellow clay and the carefully placed turf of the rude grave.

It was after night when she went down to her cabin, and before daylight she had left Dotysville far behind her.

The next morning the canoe of Sim Burgess, the grocery-keeper, was missing.

He offered a gallon of whisky for its recovery.

The whisky was drank before the search commenced, but the canoe was not found.

That same morning the steamboat *Arkansas*, after being tied at the bank over night, commenced her slow, laborious journey against the swift current of the "Big Muddy."

Snags and sandbars were too common to merit notice from any but those whose business it was to

DOTYSVILLE.—"SHOUTS WERE HEARD, AND AS THE FIRST BOAT NEARED THE SHORE, PISTOL-SHOTS RANG OUT OVER THE WATER. THE OARSMAN IN THE FOREMOST ONE SANK FOR A MOMENT."

prayer not yet ended, Sun Taber, the pilot, glancing across the open grave, saw little Missouri Gordon, the sunburnt beauty of Dotysville.

Her eyes—and his, too—were paying a tribute to the memory of the poor girl in the grave before them.

But why should he, with elegant clothing, diamond studs and massive gold chain, notice the bare-headed and barefooted girl of Dotysville?

Yet he did notice her, and his gaze lingered so long that she, blushing, yet pleased, turned and ran away down the steep footway to the landing.

When the people from the boat passed on board again Sun Taber saw her at the end of the plank, and holding out his hand to her, said:

"Good-by, little one. Would you mind planting a rose or something on the grave up yonder?"

She took his hand and said, in her timid, girlish way:

"I will plant the prettiest flowers I can find. If you should come again I hope they will please you."

So they met and parted; he to guide the boat with her living freight safely through the perils of the trip, she to spend hours beside the grave on the ridge, thinking of the handsome man for whose sake she had robbed her poor flower-garden.

Many weeks passed, in which the boat made other trips, but she had neither freight nor people for Dotysville.

But every trip was watched for by the girl, and every time the boat passed up or down, her little cotton handkerchief waved a salute which was always promptly answered from the pilot-house.

It was late in December, and the boat was making her last trip for the season. The cold winds from the prairies of Kansas and Nebraska swept down the river, while occasional cakes of floating ice warned the steamboat men of other dangers than snags and sandbars.

Christmas Eve found the boat at Fort Leavenworth, and the next morning she would start back.

When Ben Taber went into the pilot-house Christmas morning and headed his boat down-stream, a great cloud of smoke lay far away to the south and east.

His partner at the wheel, Mr. Toby Dillon, after surveying the smoke, remarked, in his own expressive language: "Them comes in Platte are gettin' a scorchin', I reckon."

Before an hour had passed, they could see the fire not far away, running before the wind, licking up the prairie-grass like tinder; and when the boat came in sight of Dotysville, only smoking ruins remained.

The night before, some Mexicans had occupied the hitherto deserted cabin of the Dotys.

The ruins of Arcenas had washed out the clay from the chimney both of sticks and mud.

The fire seized first upon the chimney, then the cabin; a moment later the patch of weeds and grass had carried the fire to other cabins and other patches of weed and grass.

The terrified people, with such scanty clothing as they could snatch up, fled to the forms of the adjacent country. Missouri Gordon, half dressed, with an old blanket wrapped around her, went up to the ridge to wait till daylight, and with it perhaps the boat and the man.

[Continued on page 404.]